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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Why Jerusalem Belongs to Israel

by Marie Syrkin

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TRB

from Washington
December 13, 1980

Our Noble Experiment

As in the last days of Prohibition an era is ending, I think, and nobody notices. Back then, Calvin Coolidge didn't notice either. He slept more than any other president; he had a two-hour nap most afternoons. "Nero fiddled," scoffed Mencken, "but Coolidge only snored." Yet the Puritan tradition was collapsing all around him. The WASPs had run the country and were satisfied with what they had done. They worked hard and were frugal, paid their debts and observed Sundays. (On my grandfather's New Hampshire farm we took in the croquet wickets Saturday nights, so as not to desecrate the Sabbath.) They could no more think of having their rule ended than of having a Catholic as president. Today another cultural inheritance is ending, I think, and I will come to that in a minute.

Prohibition was the last Puritan fling. It coincided with the suffrage movement. Carrie Chapman Catt and Susan B. Anthony joined forces with the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Why shouldn't the state step in to keep men sober (as women already were)? The saloon was the enemy of clean politics, much frequented by immigrant Irish or beer-loving Germans. World War I gave the thing a patriotic push: save grain and spite the Kaiser. Twenty-seven states were already dry. So the Eighteenth Amendment became official on January 29, 1919, and the Volstead Act (passed over Wilson's veto) defined intoxicating liquor as any beverage containing more than one-half of one percent alcohol. Everybody sighed with relief. Next problem?

One difficulty left, of course, was enforcement. Suddenly America had a new vocabulary: bootlegger, hijacker, speakeasy, rum-runner, bathtub gin. Harding played poker with his cronies in the "little green house on K Street" (# 1625), using confiscated liquor delivered by Internal Revenue men with pistols and badges in Wells Fargo Express wagons. Then came six years of Coolidge, and crime worsened. Coolidge napped. A great illicit free enterprise industry appeared: distilling, smuggling, and distribution. Gaudy crime flourished. Al Capone's gang machine-gunned six rivals in a Chicago garage in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Nobody was punished for murder but the feds got Capone for income tax evasion.

Both major parties successfully ducked the issue for a decade. Al Smith's call for repeal in 1928 cost him the dry vote, and Hoover called Prohibition a "noble experiment." Congress spent more time debating Prohibition in 1930 than the Depression. Hoover named a federal commission under former attorney general George W. Wickersham to investigate. Fifty years ago (January 1931) it brought in its report, in which a majority favored revision but not repeal. Yet everyone knew the end was near. The collapse became evident when the *Ladies Home Journal*, hitherto Puritanically dry, in 1932 suddenly declared that "bootlegging must be eliminated even if Prohibition has to be repealed." There was no doubt after that.

A gap normally occurs in the climax of change, a gap which a diplomat at the United Nations compared to the mating of elephants: "It is on a high level, there is a lot of trumpeting and stirring of dust, but any further development is at least 23 months away." In this case Repeal came December 21, 1933.

I have taken a roundabout way to come to my point: I think there is another crashing example today of lawlessness and enforcement breakdown, in a field charged with deep social and historic emotion. The United States must do something to stop illegal immigration. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, even though understaffed, now stops a million illicit entries a year and estimates that for every one stopped two enter. America doesn't want to face the issue that goes far into the past but it won't go away. There are between four and 12 million illegals in the country. The refugee problem is becoming impossible, as witness the Cubans and Haitians, and bilingualism is spreading. This weekend, in Virginia, a modern Wickersham commission emerges from a two-year investigation of the problem. It is required to make its report to Congress on immigration in early March. It has four Cabinet members, eight representatives, and four public members, all named by President Carter and led by the Reverend Theodore Hesburgh of Notre Dame.

America is the land of the refugee and pioneer, isn't it? Advocates of restriction are charged with racism. Emotions run deep: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free," says the Statue of Liberty. What does America stand for, if not that? The only trouble is mathematics. World population is approaching 4.5 billion, with six billion expected by 2000. A quarter of the world goes to bed hungry. The US now has a natural increase of only 0.7 percent (before immigration) and Mexico has 3.6 percent. (A country doubles population every 20 years if its rate of increase is 2.5 percent.) The juxtaposition is explosive. Here is what the comptroller general reported to Congress just last November 5: "About 62 percent of Mexico's labor force is unemployed or underemployed. An estimated 700,000 new jobseekers flood the job market annually, but no more than 300,000 new jobs are created. A high proportion of the population is under 15; hence population pressures will most likely continue." There are currently some eight million unemployed in the US and labor secretary Ray Marshall says that illegal aliens are taking jobs away from citizens.

At any one time there are only about 350 US Border Patrol agents to guard the 2,000-mile border. In the hostage crisis the White House suddenly wanted to know where the Iranian students were in this country and asked the Immigration Service to find out. The question revealed near chaos. The INS didn't know where the students were. Its tabulating machines didn't work. It could not even locate many of the schools approved to admit foreign students. According to the comptroller general's report, at the end of April there was a backlog of 4.2 million documents waiting to be processed.

Half a century ago Prohibition was an illusion. Today's illusion is different. Once again law enforcement has broken down. Once again nobody wants to face a new era. Once again there is a federal commission. Will it recommend compulsory identity cards? Penalties on employers who hire illegals?

"In the next 20 years," says Associate Attorney General John Shenefield, "the Caribbean world may attempt to empty out much of its population on our shores as political and economic pressure throughout the area continues to build."

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 183, No. 24, Issue 3440, December 13, 1980. Published weekly (except the issues of January 5, July 12, August 9, September 13) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.25; yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

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(ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions, and undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O.Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Cover: View from the Mount of Olives of the old Jewish cemetery with the Old City in the background. Photo by Hilla and Max Jacoby from Hallelujah Jerusalem *(Hoffmann und Camp). Article on page 17.*

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The New Republic is phototypeset and produced by 19th Street Graphix, Washington, DC.
Production Supervisor—*Kathy Sullivan*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 13, 1980

In Defense of Good Intentions

One of the most disheartening phrases in the rapidly growing lexicon of liberal retrenchment is "the cost of good intentions." These words suggest that the trouble with the liberal political vision, seemingly repudiated by the voters last month, is not that some progressive policies have gone awry, or that liberal approaches to newer problems like energy and productivity have a certain musty odor. The trouble, these words suggest, is progressive intentions themselves. Some neoconservatives even claim to see a "Law of Unintended Consequences," which holds that any major government interference with the natural order of things, however well intentioned, is bound to fail because life is so complicated.

The biggest challenge for the Democratic party in the next two years is to sort out good intentions from some of their bad manifestations. The purpose of the exercise is to make good intentions marketable again. Politicians will be tempted by the easier route of abandoning good intentions on the grounds that they "haven't worked" or "aren't suited to today's problems," and many will succumb. The role for those of us whose jobs aren't at stake is to see that "rethinking" doesn't become a code word for "retreating." In doing so, six guidelines suggest themselves.

First, some rethinking really is needed. The swing to the right is not merely a resurgence of selfishness in a time of shrinking opportunity for everyone, though that is part of it. The voters' impression that the liberal regime of government is partly responsible for our present dilemma, and that liberals have little to say about how we should get out of it, is justified.

Second, a strategy of abandoning hope for new progressive legislation while fighting desperately to preserve all present arrangements is a double mistake. To forget about national health reform, for example, while working to prevent any change in Medicare and Medicaid, would confirm the triumphant right-wing view of liberalism as a purely reactionary defender of the mid-20th-century status quo.

Third, among the many present government initiatives associated with liberal politics, some are actually progressive in intent and effect, but some are merely spoils for traditional Democratic party interest groups. It will be no defeat for liberalism if laws guaranteeing inflated wages on federal construction projects or giving money to school districts where government employees reside, for example, are tossed overboard. Indeed a key Democratic strategy during the current anti-government mood should be to leap on unprogressive government programs to which Republicans are attached—like subsidies to rich farmers that raise the cost of food—and use them to embarrass the party in power.

Fourth, even among present government arrangements that clearly arose from progressive sentiments, there are some that have continued unchanged more out of entrenched habits of thinking and bureaucratic momentum than because of their continued progressive effect. Are the antitrust laws, after nearly a century of judicial elaboration, models of economic clarity and benign government supervision of industry? Does the home mortgage interest tax deduction help the working class to buy homes, or does it inflate housing prices out of their reach? Liberal Democrats should choose a few items like these and take the lead in reexamining them ruthlessly.

Fifth, the poor are always with us. Another cur-

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rently popular cliché is that you can't design every government policy around its effect on poor people. This is true, and liberal Democrats were egregiously wrong, for example, in opposing decontrol of energy prices for this reason. But despite past liberal successes, and despite the eagerness of many to forget them, there are still millions of people in this country living close to the margin. Changes in government policy that might be good for society as a whole, and even for some of the poor on the rising-tide-lifts-all-boats theory, can be disastrous for the least fortunate. The strategy of liberals should be not to block such changes, but to design special arrangements to protect our special constituency. Support decontrol, but insist on energy impact assistance. Or, to take an emerging issue: rather than opposing any experiments with the minimum wage, work for more government help for the working poor.

Sixth, it is not true that ideology is irrelevant to today's issues. The *New York Times* editorialized recently, "There aren't many important problems for which one can identify solutions that are either liberal or conservative." This is wrong. Take our biggest domestic problem: inflation. The quickest solution would be a straightforward monetary squeeze to "wring it out" of the economy. All of us would suffer, but for most the suffering would not be intolerable and probably would be worth it. But for the poor it would be devastating, which is why liberals are right to oppose such an approach. What do liberals offer instead? If they pretend inflation isn't important, or if they offer only crumbling totems like wage-price controls, they will get nowhere. Only a more radical vision of a leaner, restructured economy holds out hope for a liberal revival, but this requires abandoning some comfortable old views.

On all the great domestic issues, people rightly are demanding new approaches. There are new approaches that protect progressive values and new approaches that ignore them. Good intentions are not enough, but they are an essential beginning.

Projection is for psychiatrists, not voters.

Turning Off the Tube

Ever since election night, when NBC and President Carter teamed up to anoint Ronald Reagan the winner while the polls were still open on the west coast and elsewhere in the nation, I have been searching for a way to foil the networks' ability to perpetrate such an outrage again. I think there is a relatively simple solution: keep the polls open in all of the continental states until the last state closes its polls on the west coast. If the polls are open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. in California, they would stay open (regardless of the opening time) until 9 p.m. local time in the mountain states, until 10 p.m. in the midwest, and until 11 p.m. on the east coast.

Nobody would be discomfited except the networks, who would be expected to hold any projections (however derived) until the polls had closed. A uniform closing time is not exactly a new idea. Some years ago, it was proposed by Senator Jacob Javits and endorsed by Frank Stanton, then head of CBS. It never got anywhere, presumably because the uniformity might have posed early and inconvenient hours for some states. But under this proposal, polling would start all over the nation at the normal local times. Voters who prefer to vote early could continue to do so in all parts of the country. The only difference would be that the polls would stay open a bit longer in the mountain, central, and eastern time zones. Any additional costs caused by keeping the polls open for a few extra hours would be a small price to pay to prevent the networks or any president from calling the election before all citizens have a chance to vote.

Last election night, as television viewers know, the National Broadcasting Company "projected" Ronald Reagan as the winner at 8:15 p.m. Eastern Standard Time. That meant it was only 5:15 p.m. on the west coast, with almost three hours to go until the polls closed. In the mountain states, it was only 6:15 p.m. local time. In Alaska, the time was only 4:15 p.m., and in Hawaii, it was only 2:15 p.m.—mid-afternoon on election day. NBC's projection for Reagan at that ridiculously early hour was based on exit interviews it had done earlier in the day in 22 states, after the first polls had closed. In five of the 22 states accounting for the necessary 270 electoral votes, the "margin" for Reagan was actually zero.

The TV industry reluctantly credits NBC with daring for its early projection of a Reagan victory. Certainly it "won" its own race with ABC and CBS to be first with the announcement. (CBS had problems and actually did not call the election until after Carter had conceded.) But NBC's precipitate rush to be first had other results: on the west coast, where the polls weren't slated to close for another three hours, voter interest trailed off. And when President Carter, in a self-indulgent mood, conceded at 9:50 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, west coast voters—according to many reports—left the voting lines.

In all probability, the combination of the early NBC projections (the other networks didn't call the election until much later) and Carter's concession wiped out some Democrats in touch-and-go races. For example, 20-year veteran James E. Corman of California's 21st district lost by 796 votes out of more than 150,000. "When voters heard the Carter concession, the lines at polling places just melted away," reported one Corman aide. Similarly, Representative Al Ullmann, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, lost by only 3,500 votes out of 290,000. In Oregon, where

(continued on page 10)

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Correspondence

Strom's prophecy

To the editors:

It is hardly to be expected that *TNR* would apply to Senator Strom Thurmond standards of forgiveness for past absurdity akin to those exercised on behalf of Congressman John Anderson. However, your collected quotations ("Reminders," *TNR*, November 29) seem to grant to the senator a kind of prescience which few of us had thought him blessed with. According to your records, Thurmond knew on August 1, 1948, that Martin Luther King was a leader capable of inspiring others. Since at the time Dr. King was a 19-year-old theology student whose public career lay in his future, Senator Thurmond must have had a rare gift for prophecy. Or could the date of your citation have been wrong?

Hansford M. Epes Jr.
Davidson, North Carolina

The Soviet side

To the editors:

Tad Szulc presents the various views and arguments current in the USA on a possible war between our two countries ("The New Brinksmanship," *TNR*, November 8). In doing so he avoids speaking in the first person, but the general tenor of the article suggests rather pessimistic conclusions, impressing on the minds of readers the inevitability of a clash fraught with a global catastrophe. The article says, very matter-of-factly, that the Soviet Union wants to reach strategic superiority and its only concern is to keep its nuclear potential and social set-up after a multiple exchange of nuclear strikes. The Soviet Union is thus credited with desire to wage a nuclear war and win it.

But the USSR always has been and remains a confirmed opponent of nuclear war. It is convinced that there will be no victors in such a war. With strategic parity achieved, the USSR does not seek such an unattainable goal as military superiority.

The non-existing threat on the part of the USSR, which is not going to attack anyone, has served as a pretext for people in certain circles in the USA to launch an unprecedented arms race and stimulated the artificial military hysteria. Americans are being told that the Russians are reckless and venturesome, features totally strange to them.

A threat from the USSR is also seen in the higher accuracy of its missiles. But it is a matter of public knowledge that this is done by the USSR as a reciprocal measure against the similar US efforts and against the build-up of US forward-based weapons. It may well be that the Americans are proud of always being in the lead in the arms race, developing new means of destruction, such as MIRVs and particularly accurate ballistic and cruise missiles and warheads, though, in my view, there is nothing to be proud of here.

Szulc says that the USSR gives reason for anxiety by using its power in various parts of the world. If the reference is to Afghanistan (no other examples exist), then everyone knows the causes that led the USSR to prevent that country neighboring on it from becoming yet another area for new US bases, on top of the 2,500 bases dotting the whole world, with some in dangerous proximity to the USSR's borders.

Incidentally, the article points out correctly that the present outburst of militarist activity in the USA has only climaxed the measures that have been under way since 1977, that is, set in motion before Afghanistan!

Unfounded is the reference to the inexplicable Soviet troop movements which, it appears, used to trigger off military alarms in the USA. But who is not aware of the regular mistakes of the US intelligence service, and computer faults which led to false alarms when the world was within an ace of unsanctioned slaughter? The USA feels anxious about internal movements of Soviet troops. How then must the USSR react to numerous moves and concentrations of US forces near its frontiers?

Suspicions can be gotten rid of by broadening confidence-building measures, as suggested by Moscow, which include, among others, notification of any troop movements of a certain scale.

Faced with the US militaristic preparations, the Russians have to develop adequate facilities for a retaliatory strike, and to oppose an upsetting of the parity. But that means a continuation of the headlong arms race. So why push the USSR to that?

Szulc's article asserts that under Presidential Directive 59 the first strike should be delivered not only to destroy Soviet ICBMs but also the political and military leaders of the USSR at all levels. The directive should be regarded not so much as a sanction allowing a limited nuclear war, but as the go ahead for a protracted nuclear war with all its indescribable consequences of mutual destruction.

The USA, as the article confirms, is inclined to forgo the anti-missile defense treaty, which points to a desire to make its ICBMs invulnerable and thus to achieve a preventive first "disarming" strike at the enemy. But this plan is unworkable and is nothing less than another excuse for an unbridled arms race.

All this indicates that the USA is recklessly counting on the build-up of military strength and on the threat to use it in order to attain its expansionist aims presented as national interests. I don't think the majority of Americans will welcome such speculation of their most valued possession—the right to life and security—speculation undertaken in the interests of the military-industrial complex.

Reliance on strength in international relations has no prospects at present and is extremely dangerous. Only fair, serious, and responsible negotiations on an equal footing, motivated by a mutual desire for peace, can solve the existing problems, remove or tone down the current contradictions, and ensure the people everywhere in the world reliable security which is needed by all.

It is to be hoped that reason will prevail when the new US administration decides on the course to follow.

Svyatoslav Kozlov
Major-General (retired)
Moscow

(This letter was forwarded to us by the Soviet Embassy in Washington.)

Cut short congressional careers

To the editors:

Length of service was not mentioned in your articles as a factor in recent liberal losses in the House and Senate (*TNR*, November 15). Any liberal not running in a "safe" district or state should retire from Congress after either three terms in the Senate or 20 years in the House of Representatives. (Are there any "safe" districts or states for liberals?) Regardless of how capable and diligent a legislator is, a well-financed younger conservative running on the theme

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that the incumbent is "out of touch" with the home folks has a damned good chance to win, especially if the economy is depressed or stagnant.

There should be some way for the political party (Democratic, normally) to refuse to allow the incumbent to run under the party label or receive party funds if, driven by pride or vanity, he or she decides to tempt fate. Although a new candidate obviously does not guarantee victory in these circumstances, the odds would be improved. The knowledge of when a veteran would retire would give younger candidates a head start. As it is now, we wait for defeat and a power vacuum before younger politicians have a chance for recognition.

Chuck Litweiler
Madison, Wisconsin

Campaign-by-numbers

To the editors:

Perhaps if Michael Barone lifted himself out of the trenches, he might obtain a broader perspective on the state of our society ("From the Trenches," *TNR*, November 22). A political pollster is not a social critic, and the recommendations Barone makes to the Democratic party are little more than savvy image-molding formulas for campaigning.

Barone sees our problems as persistent inflation and dependence on foreign oil. Forget the few pockets of poverty and racism, he suggests. We've just about licked those things. He urged Democrats (read "politicians") to congratulate themselves, to let the public know how much they've contributed to our social and economic progress. But beware, he warns, of getting bogged down in the old liberal agenda.

The Republicans, according to Barone, have a more accurate perspective. This supposedly enables them to prescribe solutions that address problems as the voters see them today. Such reasoning suggests that the pollsters have the answers. Find out how the voters view the problems, gear your campaign rhetoric to those issues, and forget the rest. This is rather like paint-by-numbers campaigning. The Republicans did very well with it, and that should be sufficient argument to suggest that such an approach is not enough to provide enlightened leadership in this country.

Politicians generally must reduce and simplify issues so much that they ruin them. Pollsters help them accomplish that. But when a pollster begins to confuse the view of the world his data create for his own business purposes with the reality of a complex industrialized pluralistic society, that's known as buying your own hype. The Republicans have done the same thing. I don't expect our conditions to improve over the next four years.

John T. Guardalabene
Madison, Wisconsin

Derrière Pierre

To the editors:

Joseph Nocera's article neglected to mention a significant segment of Pierre Salinger's career ("Pierre and the Swan," *TNR*, November 29). In 1964 he was the junior United States senator from California. President Lyndon B. Johnson personally paid the California filing fee for Salinger to enter the race. Although opposed by the state's Democratic party organization, Salinger ran and won the primary, defeating the state controller, Alan Cranston. The retiring senator, Clair Engle, died. Governor Pat Brown appointed Salinger to the vacancy. His career in the 88th Congress was brief but exciting. Pierre Salinger's right to sit in the Senate was subject to a partisan challenge which was voted down on the floor of the Senate.

As a responsible candidate for reelection to a full term, the senator debated his opponent, a former movie actor. One of the chief reasons for the Salinger defeat in the November election was the Johnson landslide. Early TV projections from the east coast discouraged evening voter participation in the western states.

Gracious in defeat, Senator Salinger resigned his seat in the Senate on December 31. His resignation was three days early and it provided his successor three days of Senate seniority.

Ryan Hayes
Jamaica, New York

Irish justice

To the editors:

Jack Beatty in his article on Northern Ireland ("The Troubles Today," *TNR*, November 15) states that the Nationalist community in the North must "accept the fact that they are an Irish nation in the British state" and "the six counties of Ulster are indeed part of the Irish nation, but belong to England because that is the wish of a majority of their people." To any student of Irish history this contradiction is synonymous with English colonialism. In 1918, England for the first time held a referendum to let the Irish people decide whether they should still be ruled by London. Eighty percent voted in favor of total independence. But London quickly rejected the results of the referendum. A guerrilla war for independence followed and the artificial statelet of Northern Ireland came into being, designed to gerrymander a two-to-one Loyalist to Nationalist superiority in six of Ulster's nine counties. Northern Ireland was never quite conceived to be a "democracy."

I must congratulate Jack Beatty for attempting to do the first serious analysis of the current situation that I've seen in the American press. But I don't believe that there are any ties of honor between the Northern Loyalists and England simply because 5,000 Loyalists died fighting in World War II. I remind Beatty that there were thousands of Irishmen from the rest of Ireland who died in World Wars I and II while in the British Army. And during World War II, tens of thousands of Northern Loyalists chose not to fight and instead sat out the war.

It would have been helpful to Jack Beatty's analysis if he would have explicitly introduced the twin concepts of human rights and justice. It is doubtful if there can be any real movement toward a peaceful settlement while the English government engages in its widespread torture of Irish dissidents, as attested to by Amnesty International and the European Court of Human Rights. Nor is it likely there can be movement while England disregards the Geneva Convention for the treatment of prisoners of war, as demonstrated by the notorious British Army-run concentration camp at Long Kesh where seven Irishmen are now on hunger strike for those basic rights.

The second twin concept of justice is expressed by a 1978 Church of England report, which urged: "In view of the long history of injustice visited by Britain upon Ireland, it may be that real neighborliness can be brought about only by an explicit and symbolic expression on our part, both for what has been done amiss in the past and for our part in its continuance."

If England was to make advances in

(continued on page 40)

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voters are allowed to register and vote the same day, those in line to register also threw in the towel as the NBC projections poured in, observers on the scene there reported.

It can be argued (and is by NBC) that there is no way of telling how many voters were discouraged by the early projections, or whether those voters who gave up and went home actually might have changed anything. But it can't be denied that tight congressional races and innumerable state legislative contests might have been affected. There is no need to put up with that possibility. (Unfortunately Alaska and Hawaii could not be covered by the proposed new system, since the time difference is too great to bridge. These states, though, might consider adjusting their own polling schedules to west coast times.)

Although other ideas have been batted around, including Monday night voting on the west coast, enabling those states to match eastern closings with a truncated election day, and a 24-hour national holiday, Warren Mitofsky, a CBS political expert, agrees that a uniform polling close "is absolutely the right way to go." He is certain that, under a system such as the one outlined here, CBS, for one, would not make projections until the polls had all shut down.

Would other networks, seeking a competitive edge, break out their exit interviews before the polls closed at 11 p.m. Eastern Standard Time? NBC waited until the polls closed in the states it projected for Reagan last election night. It is likely that any network jumping the gun would be perceived by the public as grossly interfering with the election process.

Hobart Rowen

Hobart Rowen is economics editor of the *Washington Post.*

Tupperware and capitalism.

The Party Line

by Seth Kupferberg

A few weeks back, "Dear Abby" ran this plaintive letter:

> . . . .The Smiths are distributors for a line of products. Soon after we met, they invited us to join them for some sales meetings. Then they started pitching us to become distributors. . . . Our question is, how can we tell whether the Smiths have cultivated our friendship because they really like us or for business reasons?
>
> —Us

Dear Abby, down-to-earth as always, wrote back, "Dear Us":

> Make it perfectly clear that you have absolutely no interest in becoming distributors, and if the friendship cools, you'll know it wasn't so hot in the first place.

Sensible advice, but counter to the spirit of a growing, nine-billion-dollar-a-year industry based on the idea of making money off your friends. This industry, direct selling, bypasses the retail store. In its stead, manufacturers and wholesalers of cosmetics, household products, encyclopedias, and other goods use independent, commission-basis salespeople like the Smiths to reach consumers directly. Direct selling currently comes in two major varieties: "person-to-person" and "party-plan."

"Person-to-person" once meant "door-to-door," but increasingly it means attempting to sell items to friends, relatives, co-workers, and networks of acquaintances—business prospects like Dear Abby's bewildered correspondents. Party-plan sales, invented by a Massachusetts firm called Stanley Home Products in the 1930s, blur the lines between business and social intercourse still further. Tupperware, a line of household goods specializing in plastic bowls with airtight seals, is the best known and most successful product sold exclusively at parties held especially for the purpose. Justin Dart, number-two man at Dart & Kraft, Inc., Tupperware's parent company and America's 27th largest industrial corporation, has seen this somewhat unlikely germ develop into a business empire.

In 1958 Dart overruled objections from the board of his conglomerate, then called Rexall Drugs, and bought out Earl Tupper, who had left a job as a DuPont chemist to found Tupperware 13 years before. Tupperware parties grew and grew. At these parties, the

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hostess/saleswoman offers coffee and refreshments to her guests/customers; organizes games to entertain them (word games involving riddles, puns, or remembering "My name is Harriet and I'm happy"); and extols the virtues of Tupperware kitchen containers and other products, which are also given out as prizes in the games. Then the guests, who usually own some Tupperware, have an opportunity to order more. The sellers, in turn, get invited to regular rallies where they sing inspirational songs, receive prizes for their sales totals, and learn about new products and new sales incentive contests.

Tupperware's consistent success helped tide Dart Industries through the 1970s, offsetting losses from some of the company's other subsidiaries and bringing it to a triumphant merger with Kraft, Inc., last summer. People bought over $700 million worth of Tupperware in 1979, from over 50,000 dealers and managers in 30 countries. Still active at 73, Justin Dart hopes to head a commission on productivity for president-elect Reagan, an old friend whom he long has served as an adviser.

Tupperware does not belong to the Direct Selling Association, but the association includes more than 70 other companies that sell at parties. This lends new meaning to Jonathan Swift's definition of "party" as "the madness of many, for the gain of a few." The association also includes 65 companies that sell person-to-person. The biggest is Avon Products, whose $2.38 billion in 1979 sales made it the largest cosmetics manufacturer as well as the largest direct seller in the world. Direct selling companies use about four million salespeople in a year. According to a 1976 Harris survey commissioned by the association, they reach three out of four American households as well as many customers in other countries. Paula Auerbach of the Direct Selling Association says that conglomerates—including Colgate/Palmolive, Ralston Purina, and Consolidated Foods (which owns the Fuller Brush Co.)—now are moving into direct selling in a big way. Since 1971 the Direct Selling Association has even had that ultimate certificate of professional respectability: a Code of Ethics with an independent administrator.

Modern American direct selling can trace its roots back to the patent-medicine makers who began offering their potions to crowds of consumers in the 1790s. Staple techniques of direct selling—especially the heavy concentration on incentives, inspiration, and attractive personal qualities for salespeople—were pioneered after the Civil War by men like Henry Hyde of Equitable Life Assurance. Hyde invited agents to conventions complete with prizes, contests, and lectures that connected selling, according to historian Daniel Boorstin, "not to the hawkers of patent medicine or the P. T. Barnums, but to the great preachers and reformers and philanthropists, the benefactors of mankind."

A former book salesman named David McConnell founded what became Avon Products, and recruited its first representative—a Mrs. P. F. E. Albee—back in 1886. The hero of Saul Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift* was going to Fuller Brush sales-team pep meetings in the 1930s. But modern firms like Tupperware have greatly refined their predecessors' old techniques.

Turnover among direct salespeople today is extremely high—almost 100 percent a year, according to Paula Auerbach, who says this is partly because women often start selling just to save up money for a quickly attained goal. Most direct-selling companies make incessant efforts—through "rallies," prizes, and other inspiration and incentives—to hold the flagging interest of the discouraged.

Most salespeople—something like 80 percent—are women, and their customers are, too. Even the legendary "Fuller Brush man" is in most cases a woman; the "Avon lady" is almost always a woman. Close to nine-tenths of direct salespeople work at it only part-time. The Harris poll found salespeople more likely than the general public to have finished high school, but less likely to have finished college. For women with families, and often without special skills, a job with independence and flexibility of hours—as a supplement to a full-time job or by itself—can be a godsend.

SUCCESSFUL salespeople receive more than just financial rewards. And indeed their customers often derive other satisfactions from the process besides a collection of plastic containers. The Harris poll predictably found that salespeople enjoy the sense of challenge, independence, and living by one's wits. But all parties to the transaction have a chance to meet friends, neighbors, and acquaintances in situations that are partly social. The goods that direct sellers offer—cosmetics, kitchenware, household cleansers, home decorations—are usually fairly small, homey, cheerful items, well suited to small, homey, cheerful conversations with a dealer, one-on-one or with a group of neighbors.

When Avon ran into some trouble in the early 1970s, as its cosmetics acquired a stodgy reputation and as fewer women could be found at home to buy, it not only made its labeling and ads more stylish, but also encouraged salespeople to sell to workers on their factory and office breaks. A Tupperware song recognizes the close links between gregariousness and stepped-up profits:

> Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho
> Recruiting here we go
> To find some friends
> And once again
> We'll grow, we'll grow . . .

When Tupperware started, its bowls were sold in supermarkets as well as by the party plan, but that soon stopped. For the small company, customers' friendships and dealer and customer enthusiasm were more effective marketing devices than simply placing the items on a supermarket shelf. In recent years even

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established names in direct selling such as Avon, taking a leaf from upstarts' books, have increased their stress on systematic nurture of enthusiastic dealers.

In a basically admiring if slightly bemused case study, Stanford business professor Richard Pascal and his associates recently described a rally held to spur Tupperware dealers on to greater efforts:

> About 60 women of all ages are seated on folding chairs, chatting in a church social room. Suddenly music pours from a speaker and they all jump to their feet to sing a song of Tupperware. . . . The next three hours are packed with activity—song singing, award ceremonies, announcement of contests, demonstrations, new product introduction, games—and this happens every week.

Several times a year, distributors and managers—dealers who have been promoted to lead units of dealers—attend Jubilees, usually at Tupperware's 500-acre Florida headquarters, for more prizes, entertainment, fun, and inspiration.

MANY DIRECT selling companies see themselves as selling not just household products but traditional American values as well. In 1976 Tupperware "Jubileers" (as they're called) built a Bicentennial flag out of thousands of red, white, and blue Tupperware bowls. Families are central to many companies' self-descriptions, and sometimes also to their practice. The Amway Corporation says three-fourths of its distributors are partnerships, mostly husband-wife. According to the Harris survey, direct salespeople are more likely to be religious and to be politically conservative (as well as "style-conscious" and, to a lesser degree, black) than the general public. And this also seems to be true of the rhetoric of the successful companies for which the salespeople sell.

For example, Home Interiors and Gifts, a party-plan seller of home figurines and decorations, is headed by Mary Crowley, who believes that God is working out a plan through her and Home Interiors. Last March, the tax court found reasonable Crowley's $1.6 million 1974 compensation—the president of Exxon got $704,000 that year—in view of her "rare talent" and the Dallas company's high annual growth.

Amway, whose $1.1 billion annual sales (mostly of household items) and over 750,000 distributors make it second to Avon among the world's direct sellers, regularly buys national public-service newspaper ads to criticize big government. Amway takes partial credit for pushing through a state constitutional amendment limiting Michigan's taxing power. Amway chairman Jay Van Andel was the last chairman of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Amway president Richard DeVos once told the *New York Times*, "We went into this business as a way of sharing what we think is important in this country, free enterprise. We represent the cause of the entrepreneur."

Amway's criticism of big government may have been sharpened by a four-year battle with the Federal Trade Commission, mostly over the company's complicated dealer incentive system, in which the percentage of sales a distributor keeps increases not only with his or her own sales but also with those of subdistributors whom he or she recruits. The FTC found that Amway had illegally fixed the prices at which distributors sold to customers, and made misleading claims about how much would-be distributors would likely earn. But the commission finally ruled in 1979 that Amway's incentive system is not an illegal pyramid scheme, since distributors' earnings depend on actual sales and not simply on signing up other distributors.

The growth of Amway, which seems to have attracted more professional people as distributors than most other direct-selling companies, is striking. That letter to Dear Abby was most likely about Amway. Its annual retail sales doubled between 1978 and 1980. Like other direct-selling companies, Amway is rapidly expanding into other countries; and it also has expanded beyond selling into such fields as ownership of the Mutual Broadcasting System. Founders Van Andel and DeVos, who still own all the stock of the company they started in 1959, decline to disclose their personal wealth, but *Fortune* once estimated Van Andel's at $300 to $500 million.

In a compendium of "answers to questions which are asked regularly about Amway," the company also seeks—perhaps a shade too anxiously—to "put to rest some of the 'myths' which have arisen about the company over the years." For example, *"Doesn't Amway really own the network and stations to preach a private enterprise, religious, conservative philosophy?"* (Answer: "Any such claim is totally without foundation. . . .") *"What is Amway trying to do with all those free enterprise ads we see in the papers?"* ("These award-winning ads have as their clearly stated goal 'to stimulate dialogue on important national issues.'. . .") *"Is Amway a religious or political cult?"* ("In no way. . . .") *"Does Amway support the Republican Party?"* ("No. Corporations cannot use corporate funds for such activities. . . .").

Such vehemence is a little startling, but one of its central points, that Amway distributors' efforts and success exemplify what happens in a "free enterprise environment," does make a certain amount of sense. Direct selling is partly a substitute for advertising. Not primarily a method to distribute goods, it's more a way to spread information about new products, and to manage and create demand. In other ways, too, direct selling as an industry shows both the virtues and the faults of capitalism as it has developed in our country.

The industry gives a few unusually enterprising, ambitious, and hard-working people a chance to make a good deal of money even if they lack the specialized training or social position that usually accompany great wealth. And the industry offers more modest, but nonetheless real, rewards to millions of other people whether they want to earn extra money in a relatively sociable way, to gain a feeling of economic accomplishment, or to buy products in an area where stores don't offer comprehensive service.

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But the rewards of direct selling usually have limits—for the salesperson, if not for the fortunate entrepreneurs and corporations that derive their profits from her enthusiasm and hard work. "Write your own ticket all the way to the top," Tupperware literature advises members of "The Tupperware family." But granddaddy Justin Dart, who once looked back on his illustrious career and said, "I've been more lucky than smart," probably has a more realistic view.

And for the salespeople and customers at the foundations of the direct-selling empires, selling can mean costs as well as benefits—not only in long effort without whatever security and fringe benefits might accompany an ordinary job, but also in personal terms. Virtues such as sociability, enthusiasm, loyalty to friends and family, and even religious feeling are impressed into a frenzied quest for bigger sales. As in other businesses, big success in direct selling requires unusual luck, talent, and/or sustained straining. Much more than other kinds of business, modern direct selling, with its reliance on ordinary people's networks of acquaintances as a source of business prospects, obliterates distinctions between helpfulness and hucksterism, friendliness and greed.

Thus direct selling is not just a burgeoning, in some ways useful, industry but also a relatively benign symbol of a wider trend. It's a particularly appropriate symbol right now. The success of direct selling stands for a current mood, in which unfettered business enterprise subsumes traditional virtues, and clear-cut benefits are thought to stream toward grateful workers, happy, sovereign consumers, indeed to anyone who wants them and is not unconscionably lazy.

Even in the uncomplicated sphere of Tupperware and Amway, things are seldom really quite that simple. Corporate profit—not family loyalty, spontaneous enthusiasm, or desire to be of service, shapes those airtight plastic containers and the parties where they're sold. That works out well in some ways, but even in this innocent field its consequences aren't entirely benign. From another point of view—that of Dear Abby's correspondents—modern direct selling is almost the inverse of what it looks like in Tupperware and Amway propaganda. Instead of an example of business and traditional virtues happily merging, it looks like a living, sometimes rather charming, Marxist parody of capitalism, as a system in which all human relationships are invaded, exploited, and corrupted by money—an unforeseen part of what Marx meant when he complained that in bourgeois society, money "transforms fidelity into infidelity, love into hate, hate into love, virtue into vice."

Soviet access to Western high technology is bearing out Lenin's famous dictum.

Selling Russia the Rope

by Arnaud de Borchgrave and Michael Ledeen

For nearly two decades the West has been financing two separate defense budgets: its own, and a steadily increasing part of the Soviet bloc's. Some of president-elect Ronald Reagan's closest advisers insist that the new administration take the lead in establishing more stringent controls on the flow of information and advanced technology to the Soviet Union and other Warsaw Pact countries. But even though Reagan's counterparts throughout NATO countries and Japan agree with the diagnosis, they will be very reluctant to reduce high-technology trading with the communist nations.

In one of his most oft-quoted remarks, Lenin predicted that the capitalist countries would provide the Soviet Union the rope with which it would hang the West. And today, in the words of Senator Henry Jackson,

> our export control system is a shambles. The United States and its allies have been selling the rope to the Soviets. What we haven't sold, we have been giving away in educational, governmental, and technical exchange programs. What we haven't sold or given away, they have been stealing.

In the last 10 years alone, Western countries have sold the Soviets $50 billion worth of goods, including machine tools; power lines; sophisticated technology that has gone into missiles and tanks; command, control, and communications systems; spy satellites; and radar. The Russians also have been able to purchase

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complete factories, designed and built by Western companies and financed with Western credits, that produce a substantial part of their military stockpile. Restraints on Western shipments to the Soviets actually have weakened in recent years. This is partly because the people and institutions that are supposed to regulate this traffic are generally ill equipped to judge the possible impact of technology transfer; and it is partly because of a blind faith in the virtues of East-West trade.

Last year, for example, Datasaab of Sweden sold the Soviet Union an air traffic control system that is able to detect any kind of airborne object (even if there is no radio signal), and also can determine if the object is a hostile aircraft or missile. The Datasaab system can calculate the flight path of the object, and can predict its location at a specific moment in the future. In short, the "air traffic control system" sold to the Soviet Union has many characteristics uniquely suited to military purposes. This Swedish system, destined for Moscow airport, contains American integrated circuitry and was sent to Moscow with American approval, even though some Pentagon officials expressed concern.

IN 1972 THE US government approved the sale of 164 Bryant Centalign-B grinders to the Soviet Union. These machines manufacture tiny ball bearings to remarkably precise specifications—a 25-millionth of an inch. Such bearings are indispensable for advanced missile guidance systems. The Russians first had requested the Bryant system in 1960, when the Eisenhower administration approved the sale. President Kennedy's experts concurred the following year, but the president himself canceled the sale after a congressional investigation highlighted the enormous military potential of the technology. One expert told the Senate that:

> Our manufacture of these small devices is no secret—even the manner is not difficult to determine—but the capability to do it well and economically has taken years to develop and should not be sold to a potential adversary. . . . The situation is not one of selling our adversary a club—but machines which help to produce better clubs faster and cheaper.

Ten years later the Russians finally obtained approval from the Nixon administration, on the grounds that the Bryant technology allegedly could be duplicated by other countries (such as Switzerland). The $20 million deal was a bonanza for the Soviets, for it enabled them to produce a new generation of highly accurate ICBMs. The United States now faces the possibility of having to spend tens of billions of dollars to defend its own land-based missiles against this new Soviet threat. "It is hard to believe," Lawrence Brady, former deputy director of the Office of Export Administration, told a Senate Committee, "It is hard to believe that machines comparable in quality and scale of production could have been acquired elsewhere, when the Soviets waited 11 years for Bryant to obtain an export license."

Sometimes it may be hard to see the military potential of the sales to the Soviets. But even when the military implications have been all too clear, the American government—like those of other Western countries—has failed to move. In 1977, for example, the government learned that many missile launchers were being produced at the Zil truck factory in Moscow, and that thousands of Zil trucks were being sent to military camps. Earlier, the Zil-131 truck had been used in Vietnam to move material down the Ho Chi Minh trail. Yet the United States continued to license sales of computers, computer parts, and even a laser system for use by Zil at both its truck factory and its laboratory in Moscow. American experts were able to establish that trucks from the massive American-built Kama River project were being used for military purposes, and here again there was no action to stop licenses for further support. American participation in the Kama River project—located in Naberezhnye Chelny in the Urals—was finally suspended when Kama trucks were found involved in the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

The Kama and Zil cases showed the failure of one of the major theories of detente—that the Soviet Union would become enmeshed in a network of agreements and interlocking interests with the West. Instead, in Senator Jackson's words, the Carter administration "behaved like a brain-damaged spider caught in its own web, unable to extricate itself."

Other Western countries have been similarly obtuse. For example, the West Germans have exported to Russia computer-controlled, multiple performance machines to treat titanium, thus facilitating the development of the most modern generation of Soviet missiles and the new monster Soviet submarine that is almost twice the size of the American Trident. And when the United States tightened export controls after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the French announced plans to have their leading steel manufacturer, Creusot-Loire, build a $350 million electric steel plant in the Soviet Union.

Giovanni Agnelli, head of Fiat, has argued, "It is impossible to prove—with the exclusion of a few high-technology areas—that East-West trade adds more to Soviet power than it contributes to the well-being of the Western economies." Officials in the Commerce Department and in most European ministries of foreign trade seem to agree. But many military experts disagree. So do a striking number of émigrés and defectors from the Soviet bloc. They say Western technology is crucial to the growth of Soviet power. Dr. Igor S. Glagolev, a senior research member of the Soviet Academy of Science until October 1976, when he was granted asylum in the United States, told us that, "Soviet society would be confronted with intolerable strains without all the assistance they have received from Western countries." The Soviets buy much Western technological know-how, but they also

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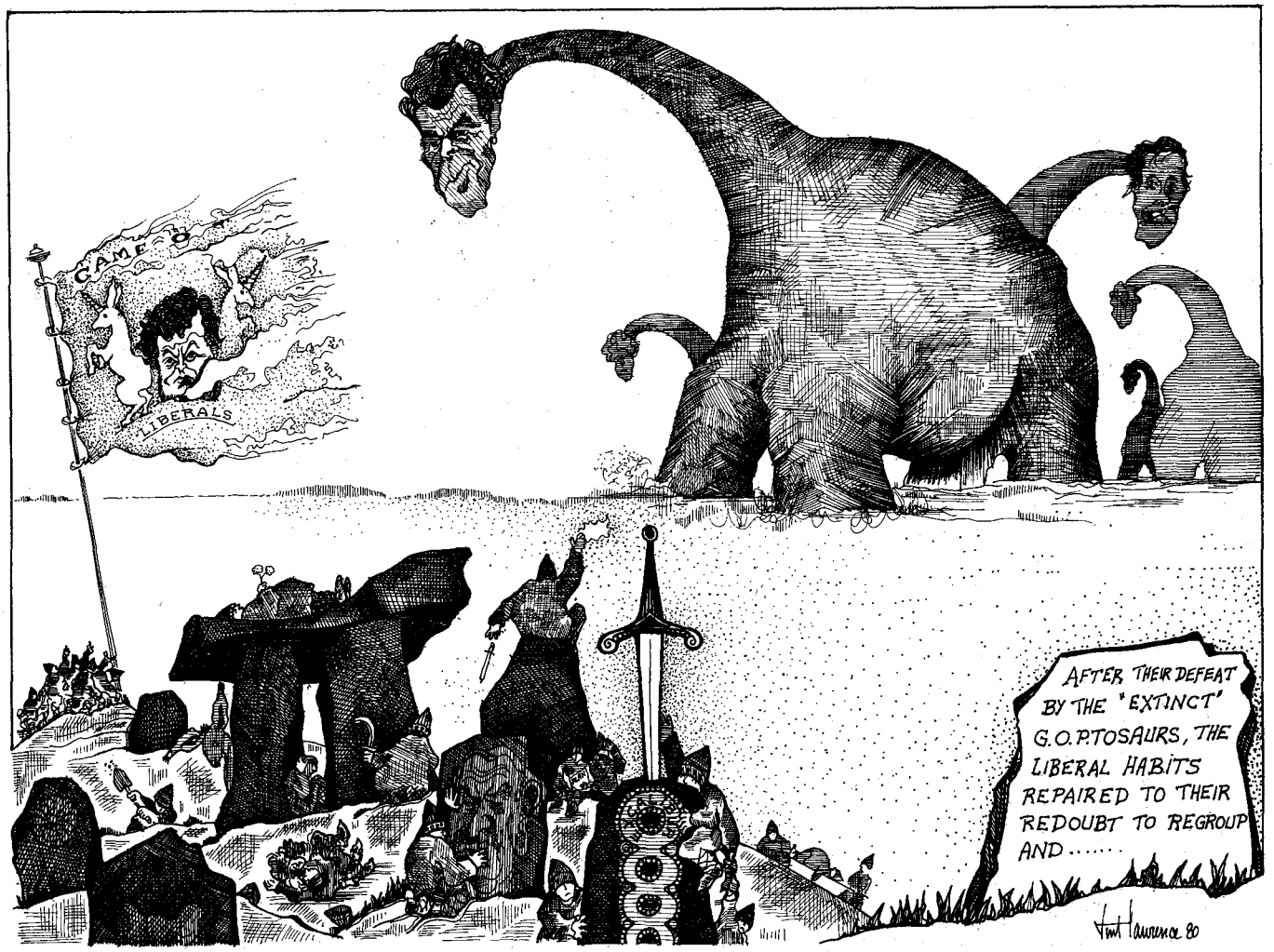
CAME OUT
LIBERALS
AFTER THEIR DEFEAT BY THE 'EXTINCT' G.O.PTOSAURS, THE LIBERAL HABITS REPAIRED TO THEIR REDOUBT TO REGROUP AND.....
Vint Lawrence 80

drawing by Vint Lawrence

get much of it for free by exploiting the openness of the West. Roughly 80 percent of all requests to the federal government under the Freedom of Information Act regard industrial and scientific information. Some of these requests come from the Soviet bloc. Various federal departments are deluged with requests regarding patents, manufacturing methods, and engineering designs, and they often have no way to check the true source of the requests. "When I think of the hundreds of bits of information I release each year," a top Pentagon official said, "I shudder to think about the overall picture the Russians are able to obtain of our activities."

Soviet experts attend Western scientific conferences, take specialized courses in Western universities, and have access to advanced research projects in Western laboratories. Western researchers have no such opportunities in the Soviet Union. It is interesting to compare the research projects of the 45 graduate students and "young faculty" from the Soviet Union studying here and the equivalent number from the United States studying in the Soviet Union in 1980. Almost all the Soviet projects in America are highly technical in nature (including such subjects as "interaction of ions and plasmas with solid surfaces," "automatic control as applied to space ships," and "principles of analog computer design. . . ." while the American scholars in Russia are working on almost exclusively humanistic subjects like "Soviet Tort Law," "A Comparative Semantic Analysis of Verbal Aspect in Russian and Serbo-Croatian," and "Musical Genres in Russian Music."

The Soviets have used sleight-of-hand to stir up enthusiasm for, and reduce objections to, East-West technology transfer. For example, in mid-1972 the Russians put on an exhibition of their latest computer hardware in Moscow. According to Eugene Douglas, an executive of the Memorex Corporation, "Much of the equipment was not operation-ready. Some models were no more than empty shells, dummy machines displayed for effect." These "Potemkin computers" were intended to serve two purposes. First, they were meant to convince Western companies that there was—in the Soviets' own slogan—an "enormous untapped Soviet computer market." Second, they were meant to suggest that the Russians had made such substantial advances in computer technology that there were no longer any national security grounds to deny them our own computer technology. Once the first licenses were granted, all the other computer companies rushed to compete for the new market, thus enabling the Soviets to obtain even more information without actually making costly purchases: they simply asked representatives of one company what set their product apart from those of their competitors.

KGB agents have been caught in Western Europe and the United States attempting to recruit Western

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computer experts. Belgian computer engineers were contacted by KGB agents in an attempt to obtain microfiches of up-to-date computer designs, and one West German and an American were arrested in America in the mid-1970s in a similar case. More recently, Soviet specialists visiting the Boeing plant in Seattle, Washington, were found picking up metal filings from the floor of the factory by means of special adhesive soles on their shoes. Boeing employees watched the Soviets take the metal pieces from their shoes and put them in their pockets. Expressions of concern from Boeing executives were pooh-poohed by State Department officials, who insisted that the Russians be permitted to carry out their visits.

The Russians have even begun to get Western technology by buying controlling interests in Western companies. One of these is Unitronex, located in Des Plaines, Illinois, just outside Chicago. Unitronex is partially owned by a Polish computer-electronic complex known as Unitra, and deals with some of the most advanced computer technology available in America today. None of this is illegal; American companies with foreign communist shareholders are permitted to do business just like any other American firm. According to sources in the Pentagon and the intelligence community, companies like Unitronex can gain access to advanced technology that might be denied for export.

There are now over 25 of these companies in the United States, a development that reportedly prompted a paper on the subject by the National Security Council this past summer. When the NSC study was subjected to an inter-agency review, the Pentagon urged that the names of these companies be published, so that everyone would know who they were. But State Department officials suggested that the government refrain from interference, and stressed the importance of good relations with the Soviet Union.

One of the basic themes of Soviet propaganda in favor of access to Western high-technology transfer is that such access could help the Russians develop their own energy supplies, and thereby reduce their temptation to launch a military strike in the Persian Gulf. This has been one of the central themes in the debate over the so-called "Dresser deal." In 1978 Dresser Industries of Dallas, a leading manufacturer of oil drilling equipment, obtained export licenses to build a $144 million plant to manufacture oil drilling bits in the Soviet Union, and for a computer-controlled electron beam welder that could be used in manufacturing the bits. The licenses were approved by both the Commerce and Defense departments, but Senator Jackson's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations challenged the decision. In testimony before Jackson's subcommittee in October 1978, J. Fred Bucy, head of Texas Instruments and chairman of the Special Defense Science Board Task Force, identified the central question:

> There is no policy as to whether the United States considers it to be a good thing or a bad thing to help the Soviets develop their energy resources. Until that decision is made, it seems to me that we need to preserve the option, either to help them or not help. It is my personal feeling that if this drill bit factory goes through, we have, in essence, given that option away.

The Carter administration postponed final approval of the Dresser plan for two years, and the matter apparently was resolved shortly after the presidential elections when National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski—speaking for the president—announced that the Dresser factory should not be built for the Soviets. Carter's decision leaves the basic issue unresolved; president-elect Reagan will have to address the broader question of whether the West wishes to assist the Soviet energy program.

THERE IS AN international organization for controlling exports to the Soviet bloc, known as COCOM—the Coordinating Committee—that includes Japan and all NATO countries except Iceland. COCOM lists certain technologies that cannot be sent to the Soviet bloc without a special exemption. Before the Carter administration, most of the exemptions were granted to West European countries. In recent years, however, the United States has accounted for more than 60 percent of the special cases, thus making it difficult for the American government to demand a tougher stand from our allies. Exports to the East account for only a small part of American foreign trade, but they are far more significant to the Europeans.

The latest European breakthrough is West Germany's swap of technology for Soviet natural gas. The Soviets are attempting to involve most of Western Europe as part of the package, which amounts to some $12 billion. A group of Belgian banks is negotiating with the Soviets for a one billion dollar line of credit, and the country's largest bank has asked the Belgian government to guarantee the credit. The Soviets would use these credits to buy pipe and pipe-laying tractors of extraordinary size (currently under negotiation with the Caterpillar Corporation in Washington), and other equipment, and would repay with natural gas. If this package goes through, West Germany eventually will come to depend upon the Soviet Union for 30 percent of its natural gas, while the Soviets will have all the technology necessary to develop their own resources, and even build a pipeline into the Persian Gulf area.

Reagan favors a policy of linkage in dealing with the Soviets, and technology transfer is expected to play a major role in this policy. Reagan hopes to be able to reduce Soviet adventurism in the third world by threatening to withhold sophisticated technology. But there can be no linkage without full cooperation by all members of COCOM. Technology transfer is one more potentially divisive issue for the already strained Western alliance.

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The very heart of the Jewish state.

Jerusalem Belongs to Israel

by Marie Syrkin

Admittedly the Knesset's passage of the Jerusalem Law declaring united Jerusalem to be Israel's capital poured oil on troubled waters. It handed the Arab bloc a gratuitous pretext for further pressure on weakening countries that had not yet yielded to threats of an oil embargo. Thirteen embassies located in Jerusalem scurried to comply with the PLO-inspired Security Council Resolution demanding their removal from Jerusalem. Even Holland, long a brave friend of Israel, capitulated to what its own explanatory statement virtually called oil blackmail. The staffs of these embassies, like that of the United States embassy, are now in Tel Aviv. While Begin's contribution to easing the housing shortage in Jerusalem is not likely to win him points for good sense, it should be noted that the Jerusalem Law merely confirms an existent reality. Israel's first prime minister, David Ben Gurion, made Jerusalem the capital in 1949; various governmental ministries have been housed in East Jerusalem since shortly after the Six Day War. According to the *Jerusalem Post*, Israeli constitutional authorities do not view the new law as "legally consequential," though it is politically provocative. By not specifying the exact boundaries of Jerusalem, the law presumably leaves this sensitive issue for future negotiation. Begin's surrender to the right wing of his own party was a needless gift to Israel's enemies, but the resultant hue and cry is another shocking instance of the Security Council's dexterity in exploiting every chance to censure Israel—this time with punitive measures just short of sanctions.

Secretary of State Muskie characteristically waffled by describing the anti-Israel resolution as "unbalanced and flawed," yet did not bother to exercise his right of veto. Instead, the United States abstained. Presidential candidates Reagan and Anderson predictably condemned the Security Council Resolution; Reagan deplored the Carter administration's abstention. Such preelection indignation remains to be tested. Both the Republican and Democratic platforms have declared support for an undivided Jerusalem; the Democratic platform, as in 1976, goes so far as to urge the removal of the US embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. The president-elect pledged himself to backing Jewish sovereignty over a unified city. But the party platforms and preelection oratory carry about as much weight as lapidary inscriptions, and Carter has already voiced his reservations about the status of Jerusalem. A State Department spokesman dismissed campaign commitments with a straightforward, "The President makes foreign policy."

The immediate effect of Begin's inept timing has been to thrust the problem of Jerusalem into the forefront. Though at some point the status of Jerusalem will have to be formally resolved, the Camp David accords skirted the question, deliberately deferring it to the end of the negotiating process in the hope that progress in less contentious areas—if any aspect of the Arab-Israeli conflict can be so described—would lead to easier agreement. Now, since the PLO-UN combine is unlikely to forgo any opportunity to fuel its ongoing anti-Israel campaign with demands more respectable than calls for the destruction of Israel, it may be impossible to relegate Jerusalem to the back burner.

Any discussion about Jerusalem must begin with one plain fact: the division of Jerusalem was the direct result of Arab aggression. Except for the 19 years between 1948 and 1967 Jerusalem had always been united. The artificial partition of the city took place in 1948 when Jordan seized East Jerusalem. Israel's victory in 1967 reunited the city. Today it is again a unified city whose redivision appears plausible only to those in the Arab camp whose strategy calls for the piecemeal cannibalization of Israel. These are the "moderates." The rejectionist Arab states and their supporters want no less than all of Jerusalem, so that now the issue is sovereignty—Israeli, Arab, or international.

What is the case for unified Jerusalem, capital of Israel? Familiar arguments about rights based on Scripture arouse impatience if not outright dismissal. Who wants to hear about religious and historic ties going back 3,000 years? Nor do the legal niceties of the case arouse much interest. A few decades ago rhetoric like "The Bible is my Mandate and the Mandate is my Bible" struck a sympathetic response. Who now is concerned with the original terms of the Balfour Declaration or the extent of the territory assigned for a Jewish homeland by the terms of the British Mandate? Claims valid under international law have been superceded by current circumstances. And the problem has become not so much Israel's juridical or historic right to Jerusalem as how to reconcile this insistence with Arab opposition. Yet the pragmatists cannot have it all their way. It is impossible to disentangle the issue from precisely those considerations that the *realpolitiker* would like to ignore. The contestants, both Jew and Arab, cast the argument in terms whose passion cannot be reduced solely to geopolitical sparring. In this welter of emotions, national and religious, considerations peripheral to the observer but central to the disputants must be taken into account.

Few need to be reminded how thoroughly Jerusalem has permeated Jewish consciousness since the destruction of the Second Temple in 70 AD. Jerusalem has informed Jewish liturgy and ceremony up to the present. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem" still remains the psalmist's most fervent lyric. Even a contemporary secular Jew who mechanically repeats "Next year in Jerusalem" at the conclusion of the annual Passover feast cannot escape the proddings of historic memory. Jerusalem is Zion; the words are interchangeable.

The universal acceptance of the identification of the Jewish people with Jerusalem is demonstrated less attractively

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by the common rally cries of anti-Semitic mobs. HEP, the acronym for *Hierusalima est perdita*, has been a hostile jeer flung at Jews during massacre and persecution since the Middle Ages. In the popular mind, "Jerusalem is lost" epitomized the loss of Jewish nationhood and religious independence. The ruffian mockery of "Go back to Jerusalem," an imprecation of later vintage, continues to stress an indissoluble tie. Fundamentalist Christians, obsessed with the restoration of the Jews, centered on Jerusalem. And a grandiose adventurer like Napoleon, dreaming of extending his empire, invited the Jews "to reestablish Jerusalem as of old." For friend or foe, whether in celebration or abuse, Jerusalem for centuries has been the synonym for Jewry. No bond of like intensity attaches any other people or religion to the city.

Jerusalem is holy to three religions—but with a difference. Christians revere the site of the Crucifixion, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and other sanctuaries; for them Jerusalem is not so much a holy city as a city of Holy Places to which they come for worship from all parts of the world and which they devoutly guard. It is not a dwelling place fraught with national meaning. For Islam, Jerusalem ranks third in the hierarchy of sacred cities, after Mecca and Medina. No huge Moslem pilgrimages, such as have made Mecca and Medina famous, make their way to Jerusalem. A pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina is a religious obligation; a *haj* to Jerusalem is a voluntary act of piety. Jews too have holy cities other than Jerusalem; for instance, Hebron, the site of the burial cave of the biblical patriarchs. But only Jerusalem, the city itself, the capital of David, not a particular shrine or site, has remained the focus of national and religious longing in Jewish history. And no other people, while ruling Jerusalem, chose the city for its capital.

Even under the most adverse circumstances Jews obstinately have maintained a continuous, if often minuscule, presence in Jerusalem. The city was never *judenrein*. During the 500 years of Roman rule, when Jews were prohibited from entering Jerusalem, they succeeded in penetrating the city in disguise to pray at the Temple Mount. After the Arab conquest in 638, small Jewish communities existed in Jerusalem. During the crusader massacres the population dwindled; in the 12th century, Benjamin of Tudela, the medieval traveler, reported that he had found only four Jews at the Citadel. But in the succeeding centuries, despite government edicts and the attendant dangers, Jewish pilgrims kept arriving and settling, sometimes reaching a total of several thousand. By 1700 a thousand Jews lived in Jerusalem in acute economic distress. These unimpressive figures must, of course, be considered in the context of the entire population of Jerusalem in the given periods. Scholars estimate that until the 19th century the total population of Jerusalem varied from 5,000 to 10,000. Rapid growth began in the 19th century simultaneously with the rise in Jewish immigration.

For the last 200 years Jews have constituted the majority of Jerusalem's population. Census data available since 1844 indicates the exact proportions. (See table.) In an article in the *New York Daily Tribune* on April 15, 1854, Karl Marx saw fit to comment on the preponderance of Jews:

> The sedentary population of Jerusalem numbers about 15,500 souls of whom 4000 are Mussulmans and 8000 are Jews. The Mussulmans forming about a fourth of the whole, and consisting of Turks, Arabs and Moors, are, of course, the masters in every respect.

Not that Jerusalem had much to recommend it except nostalgia. Customary adjectives of travelers describing the Holy Land, beginning with the classic 1785 account of the French scholar Constantin Volney, *Voyage en Syrie et en Egypte*, were "ruined" and "desolate." Mark Twain's shock at the ravages he describes in *Innocents Abroad* (1869) is typical: "Renowned Jerusalem has lost all its ancient grandeur and become a pauper village." After bluntly characterizing "rags, wretchedness, poverty and dirt" as the unfailing signs that "indicate the presence of Moslem rule," Twain concludes: "Jerusalem is mournful, and dreary and lifeless. I would not desire to live here." Theodor Herzl, after his first disillusioning view of the "reeking alleys" (*Diary*, October 31, 1898) proceeded to dream:

> I would begin by cleaning it up. I would clear out everything that is not sacred, set up workers' houses beyond the city, empty and tear down the filthy rat-holes, burn all non-sacred ruins, and put the bazaars elsewhere. Then, retaining as much of the old architectural style as possible, I would build an airy, comfortable, properly sewered, brand new city around the Holy Places.

Some 70 years later Mayor Teddy Kollek would be able to read this impetuous fantasy with modest satisfaction, but with full awareness that no circumspect administration would "put bazaars elsewhere."

Whatever the demerits of the "pauper village," Christian clergy and diplomats commented frequently on "the devotion of the Jews to their city" (Bishop John Vincent, 1894). Perhaps the most revolutionary reflection was that of an English lady, A. Goodrich-Freer, who wrote (*Inner Jerusalem*, 1907):

> If numerical superiority be a criterion of possession, and achievement a measure of power; if the higher civilization be that of the more effective philanthropy and true part and lot of him who restores it to civilization . . . then the deep tragedy of their existence, the dark problem of their destiny, is approaching solution, and Jerusalem is for the Jews.

Miss Freer proved to be a poorer prophet than Herzl, whose vision of a restored city has been realized in considerable measure; the "solution," despite the moral arguments marshaled in the writer's involuted prose, still remains elusive.

Until the 1860s Jerusalem consisted of the area enclosed within the Old City walls. The expansion of Jerusalem beyond the city walls began with the initiative of British philanthropist Sir Moses Montefiore, who sought to lure Jews out of the crowded, impoverished Jewish quarter by building a housing project, *Mishkenot Sha-ananim*, or Tranquil Dwellings. The windmill built by Montefiore is still a tourist attraction as are the Tranquil Dwellings, reconstructed to serve as a residence for artists and writers. At first the expansion of the city was primarily a Jewish enterprise. Later, stimulated by Jewish example, increasing numbers of Christians and Moslem Arabs began to build homes and institutions beyond the narrow confines of the Old City. The city's development attracted both Jewish and

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THE POPULATION OF JERUSALEM
(From Mid-19th Century to the Present)

Year	Jews	Moslems	Christians	Total
1844	7,120	5,000	3,390	12,510[1]
1876	12,000	7,560	5,470	25,030[2]
1896	28,112	8,560	8,748	45,420[3]
1905	40,000	7,000	13,000	60,000[4]
1913	48,400	10,050	16,750	75,200[5]
1922	33,971	13,413	14,699	62,2578[6]
1931	51,222	19,894	19,335	90,503[7]
1948	100,000	40,000	25,000	165,000[8]
1967	195,700	54,963	10,800	261,463[9]
1973	222,100	67,000	12,000	301,100[10]
1977	274,300	101,700		376,000[11]
1979	285,000	108,000	12,000	405,000[12]

[1] **Encyclopaedia Britannica**, Eighth Edition (1853-1960).
[2] Liévin de Hamme, père, **Guide indicateur des Sanctuaires et Lieux Historiques de la Terre-Sainte, 1876.**
[3] Calendar of Palestine for the Year 5656 (1895-96).
[4] **Encylcopaedia Britannica**, Eleventh Edition (1910-11).
[5] **Calendar of Palestine for the Years 5673-74 (1912-13, 1913-14).**
[6] British Mandatory Government Census of Palestine, 1922.
[7] British Mandatory Government Census of Palestine, 1931.
[8] Z. Vilnay, **Jerusalem—The Old City**, 1962.
[9] Israel Central Bureau of Statistics.
[10] Israel Central Bureau of Statistics.
[11] Israel Central Bureau of Statistics.
[12] The Jerusalem Foundation.

Arab immigrants so that by 1912 the total population counted 70,000, of whom 45,000 were Jews. In 1914, at the outbreak of World War I, the population outside the Old City was nearly double that within the gates. During the war between Britain and Turkey (Ottoman rule over Palestine extended from 1516 until the Allied victory in 1917) the population declined. With the British Mandate came a steady upward march.

Statistical data leaves no doubt that a major factor in the growth and prosperity of Jerusalem, as of all Palestine, was the impetus given by Jewish immigration, which in turn stimulated Arab immigration from neighboring lands. However disagreeable this conclusion may be to Arab revisionists of the historical record, it is fully borne out by demographic research. Technological progress that enabled the devout of various denominations to visit Jerusalem without the difficulties that attended such journeys in the past was another factor. Finally, the turmoil of the 20th century brought Jerusalem into the modern world as a political entity as well as a sacred relic.

By the time the United Nations Partition Resolution was adopted in November 1947, the population of Jerusalem consisted of approximately 100,000 Jews and 65,000 Arabs. A clause of the resolution called for the establishment of Jerusalem as a Corpus Separatum to be administered by the United Nations. Because of the desperate need of the Jewish survivors of the Nazi Holocaust, the Jewish Agency accepted this "heavy sacrifice," as it did the further truncation of the already much truncated Jewish homeland, in return for a Jewish state in a part of Palestine. The Arabs rejected the Partition Plan with results familiar to the world. Instead of setting up a Palestinian state, five Arab armies invaded Israel. The fledgling Jewish state repulsed the attack, but Egypt occupied Gaza, and Jordan seized the West Bank.

In the course of the fighting the chief sufferer was Jerusalem. Its civilian population, an aggregation of scholars, religious zealots, civil servants, and simple workers, lacked the sturdy tradition of self-defense of the pioneer settlements. Psychologically unprepared for battle, the population also stubbornly believed that the holy city would be inviolate. Nevertheless Jewish Jerusalem withstood two months of total siege. The Arabs had planned to reduce the city by famine and thirst, the dreaded weapon of the desert; Iraqi troops cut the pipelines bringing water to the city. The valor and ingenuity of the starving population in rationing and distributing water under shell-fire has become the stuff of legend.

Despite its sacred character Jerusalem was unremittingly bombarded by the Arab Legion. Abba Eban warned the Security Council of the imminent destruction of Jerusalem, including the sanctuaries of the Old City, and reminded the Council that Israel "did

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yield Jerusalem to the International Community upon which now devolves the responsibility of protecting that city." The appeal went unanswered. The New City held out; the Old City with its beleaguered orthodox Jews, mostly old men, women, and children, fell to the Arab Legion, as did some suburbs to the north and south of the Old City.

The Israel-Jordan Armistice Agreement, signed in Rhodes on April 3, 1949, implemented the partition of the city. Israel kept most of the New City while Jordan held East Jerusalem, including the Old City. Mount Scopus, site of the Hebrew University and the Hadassah Hospital, was to be an international enclave within Jordanian territory. Jews were to have access to their sanctuaries within the Old City and to the great cultural and philanthropic institutions they had built on Mount Scopus amid world acclaim. These terms were grossly flouted. For 19 years Jews could not pray at the Western Wall and the university and hospital stood neglected and unused.

THE EXTENT of the destruction of Jewish Holy Places that had taken place under Jordanian rule became apparent in 1967 when Israel recaptured the Old City. The ancient synagogues of the Jewish Quarter had been demolished; the ancient cemetery on the Mount of Olives had been systematically desecrated; Jewish tombstones had been used to build roads and latrines. In his *Memoirs* (1959) Colonel Abdullah-al-Tal described his calculated razing of the Jewish Quarter. When the Israeli Army entered the Old City in 1967 they saw that the Arab commander had not exaggerated.

Dayan's surprising order to tear down the barbed wire barriers and open the gates between the two parts of the city immediately upon Israel's victory alarmed prudent functionaries who feared the sudden, free mingling of recent enemies. But Dayan's instinct proved to be right. Those who were in Jerusalem in June 1967 will not forget the streams of Arabs pouring out of the Old City while Israelis simultaneously made their way in through the Jaffa Gate. The two lines pressed tightly against each other in the narrow streets, yet the close, physical contact of yesterday's adversaries was almost affectionate. The Arabs marveled at the innovations in the city from which they had been barred by Jordanian edict, and the Jews exulted as they once more prayed at the Wall, the only Jewish Holy Place not demolished by Jordan—presumably because it was part of the Temple Mount on which stand the magnificent Mosque of the Dome of the Rock and the Al-Aksa Mosque.

Because of King Hussein's preferential policy of developing Amman, the city he proclaimed as the capital of his enlarged state after the annexation of the West Bank, East Jerusalem had not prospered during Jordanian occupation. The Christian population declined through emigration. A Jordanian census estimated that by 1961 the Christian population of some 30,000 in 1948 had dropped to 11,000. Jerusalem Arabs had gone so far as to protest the Jordanian government's "neglect, subjugation, and humiliation of the Holy City." To quell growing resentment the Jordanian government in July 1953 proclaimed Jerusalem to be "the alternate capital of the Hashemite Kingdom," but no economic or political measures were taken to implement this resolution. In 1966, as the result of agitation by the newly formed Palestine Liberation Organization, Jordan officially declared Jerusalem to be its "Spiritual Capital." The new concern for Jerusalem was clearly a rhetorical response to Arab pressure and a preparation for subsequent claims.

Until 1967 Israel endured the division of the city in the hope of maintaining peace. That June, when Arab armies encircled Israel for the expected kill, Prime Minister Eshkol, promising that Israel would not move against Jordan unless attacked, urged Hussein not to join the Arab onslaught. Hussein, misled by Nasser, began shelling West Jerusalem. The agony of the 1948 siege, the heavy casualties endured in the recapture of the Old City in 1967—Israeli soldiers took the buildings in hand-to-hand fighting to avoid damage to the Holy Places—fixed the Israeli resolve never again to accede to the division of Jerusalem. The Knesset announced the official reunification of the city. Though the move was condemned by the Security Council, Jerusalem since then has functioned effectively as Israel's capital.

So much for the background. What of the present? Jerusalem today has a population of some 300,000 Jews and 100,000 non-Jews, of whom 90,000 are Moslem and 15,000 Christian. Since 1967 Arabs have been migrating to Jerusalem for the usual reasons: improved living conditions and economic opportunities. There is little point in enumerating physical and social benefits due to Israeli administration. These are demanded but not appreciated. As the present acerbated state of the Arab-Israeli conflict indicates, a higher standard of living with no infringement of Arab religious or cultural rights fails to dampen aroused national passions. A minor grievance will arouse fury, a major benefit is accepted as due. Officials of the Jerusalem municipality take pardonable pride in what has been accomplished in the Arab sector: modern blessings such as electricity, a renovated sewage system, new roads, and health centers that have effectively cut infant mortality—Jerusalem Arabs enjoy one of the highest rates of natural increase in the world. Politically, Arabs have civil rights never granted under Jordanian administration: freedom to travel and, of course, unhindered access to the Holy Places of all faiths (each of which has jurisdiction over its own sanctuaries). Though Jerusalem Arabs, whether due to outside pressure or out of conviction, refuse to run for political office, many Arabs have high posts in the municipal administration and 20 percent of the city's employees are Arab. Rather than adopt a tough take it or leave it policy, the administration under Mayor Kollek has displayed considerable tact and flexibility in meeting Arab sensibilities. Village mukhtars act as intermediaries between the Arab community and the municipality in regard to municipal services; Arab lawyers, doctors, or dentists are not obliged to take Israeli qualifying examinations, and the city-maintained schools have the Jordanian curriculum, the only addition being the study of Hebrew. Jerusalem Arabs hold dual citizenship—of the city and of Jordan. They can apply for Israeli citizenship if they wish. Few have done so.

WHAT JEWS consider pertinent to the argument, though, Arabs dismiss as impertinence. Inevitable tensions have resulted in violent incidents. But anyone who has witnessed a terrorist outrage in Jerusalem—a bomb exploding in a market or bus station—has been amazed at the speed with which the police act to protect passing Arabs from the random vengeance of an inflamed crowd. On the whole, despite constant instigation, conditions in Jerusalem, where Arabs and Jews have lived in close proximity for over a decade, have been remarkably peaceful. Arab

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Jerusalem, unlike the West Bank, is an integral part of the city, and is felt to be such. Of course, now that Arab rulers, who never bothered to so much as visit Jerusalem during the 19 years of Jordanian rule, call for a holy war to liberate the city from the infidel, this progress in coexistence may well be affected.

Israelis know this. In the municipality, the universities, and outside of academic circles, committees of social scientists are industriously exploring the specific problem presented by a multinational city. A recent collection (*Jerusalem, Problems and Prospects*, Praeger) devotes a section to the study of "heterogeneous cities." In an analysis of the institutional structure of Brussels, Montreal, and Belfast, three cities rent by religious, linguistic, or ethnic conflicts, Israeli social scientists Emanuel Gutmann and Claude Klein come to the discouraging conclusion that economic advantages and just government do little to assuage group passions. If this is true of the cities Gutmann and Klein studied, then how much more so it must be of Jerusalem, with its full spectrum of antagonisms. However, another study in the same volume resolutely explores various types of municipal goverment and suggests a number of arrangements that might be adapted to Jerusalem: counties, federated municipalities, neighborhood districts, cantons, or a borough system, the option that recurs most frequently in discussions of the subject. There is no lack of sophisticated Israeli awareness of the complexities, national and international, presented by Jerusalem.

Any proposal must take into account the new geographic and demographic realities created by the development of East Jerusalem since 1967. Some 70,000 Jews now live in the new suburbs and housing developments on what had been non-arable land, two-thirds of which was either in the public domain or belonged to Jewish individuals and institutions. Approximately one-third belonged to private Arab landlords who were eligible for compensation. Mayor Kollek has stressed that the new developments use neither wooded nor agricultural land and that city-guaranteed mortgages have provided several times the amount of annual housing construction for Arabs that had been available under Jordanian rule. No doubt infractions of Israeli regulations occasionally have taken place, but illegal expropriations generally have been reversed by Israeli courts when challenged in Arab suits. In any case, the argument that the productive use of wasteland is a social gain for the entire population is dismissed by Arabs as an irrelevance and a violation of Arab property rights. It makes no more headway in the Arab-Israeli confrontation than a recitation of material advantages. In all new construction a special Jerusalem Committee for city planning strives to reconcile the need for livable modern housing with the ancient aura of Jerusalem. The architects do not always succeed. From a distance hovels that conform to the hillsides are more picturesque than comfortable apartment houses; but the distress of absentee aesthetes is not shared by the inhabitants, who prefer the decent reconstruction of Jerusalem to its progressive decay.

THE development of East Jerusalem was motivated not only by the economic need to use uninhabited land to relieve urban congestion but also to correct the geographic isolation of Jerusalem—a situation that nearly proved disastrous in the 1948 siege. New housing developments which link Jerusalem to Mount Scopus have made possible the restoration of the Hebrew University and Hadassah Hospital. These are again in use in conjunction with the new institutions built during the period of Jordanian occupation.

Jerusalem's residential pattern makes solutions plausible which utilize the demographic integrity of the city's various quarters. The small enclave of the Old City consists of clearly defined Jewish, Moslem, Armenian, and Christian quarters. In East Jerusalem as a whole, Jewish and Arab suburbs form distinct entities. This naturally evolved separation of the population into ethnic—and in the case of the Old City religious—units lends itself to a borough system of administration. Such a plan was proposed as far back as the Mandatory period by members of the Jewish Agency. After 1967 Meron Benvenisti, then administrator of East Jerusalem, offered an elaborate borough plan that was rejected on the grounds that it might lead to partition and was too pro-Arab. Subsequently, Kollek, a less controversial figure than Benvenisti and personally popular with the Jerusalem Arabs, came up with a borough plan that he has been advocating since 1970. He described his proposal in *Foreign Affairs* (July, 1977):

> For some time now I have envisioned a future structure in Jerusalem under which the city would be governed through a network of boroughs. Each borough would have a great deal of autonomy over its own municipal services and its life style. It would decide its own needs and priorities. It would be modelled not on the boroughs of New York but on those of London which have their own budgets and a great deal of independence.

Supporters of the borough plan argue that, unlike London, Jerusalem has the advantage of a population consisting of religious and ethnic communities that are not accidental geographic entities but viable social and cultural wholes. Raanan Weitz, head of the rural settlement division of the World Zionist Organization and a vigorous opponent of Begin's settlement policy on the West Bank, characterizes the merit of this residential separatism in a curt metaphor: "We have no human soup to explode." So far Kollek's proposal has found favor neither with the Likud government nor with the Arabs who reject any plan short of total Israeli withdrawal. Nor does Kollek have any illusions about the difficulties of implementing such a plan. The Temple Mount with both the Western Wall and the mosques could prove a sticking point. Yet he persists in his dream that this brilliant "mosaic" of many faiths and peoples can find its peculiar harmony within the framework of a Jerusalem municipality.

Most of the plans for Arab-Jewish coexistence in Jerusalem are predicated on segregation under municipal administration. Lord Caradon has suggested dual sovereignty in an undivided city; Arab rule in Arab Jerusalem and Jewish rule in Jewish Jerusalem with free movement between the twin cities. Saul Cohen, an erudite opponent of all plans that stress segregation and director of the Graduate School of Geography at Clark University, argues for what he calls the "geopolitical imperative" of a united and integrated Jerusalem. His thesis bluntly faces Jerusalem's changed strategic status. "Before 1967 Jerusalem was at the edge of Israel; today its location is focal." While Cohen's elaborately detailed proposal calls for a fully integrated metropolis that would preserve the cultural uniqueness of neighborhoods, the crux of his argument lies in the recognition of Jerusalem's geopolitical importance for the

(continued on page 24)

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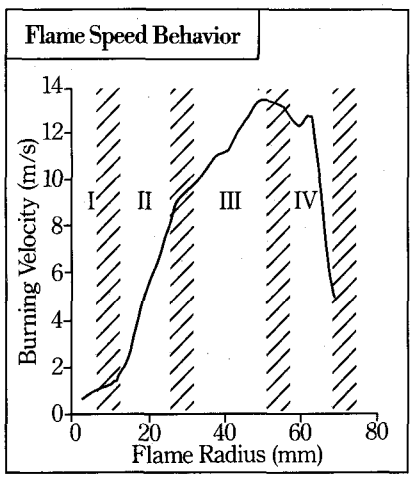
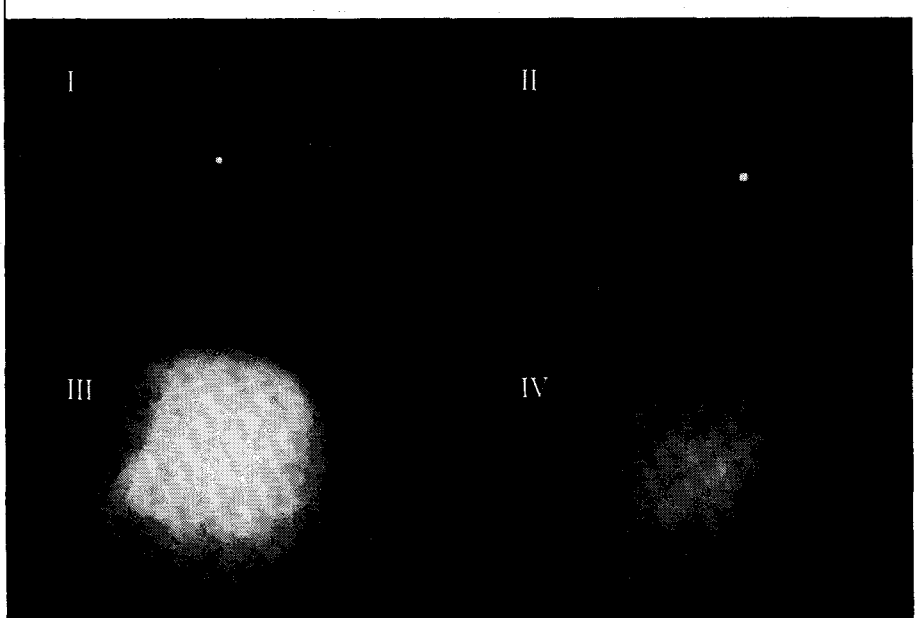
The Turbulence Parameter

Energy-efficient operation of the internal combustion engine requires the highly turbulent movement of fuel and air in the chamber. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories provide a new basis for determining what degree of turbulence will get the most work from each drop of fuel.



Burning velocity plotted as a function of flame radius. Combustion stages are indicated by roman numerals.



High-speed photographs showing flame evolution (lasting six milliseconds) through four stages: initiation (I); flame growth (II); full development (III); termination (IV).

WITHOUT TURBULENCE, the highly agitated motion of cylinder gases, combustion would take place too slowly for the gasoline engine to function. Predicting combustion behavior in order to design engines with greater fuel efficiency depends upon understanding the relationship between vital, turbulent gas motions and burning rate. The challenge is to quantify this relationship—a complex task made more difficult by the requirements of measuring a transient event occurring in a few milliseconds within a small, confined space.

New knowledge of how turbulence affects flame speed has been revealed in fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories by Drs. Frederic Matekunas and Edward Groff. Their investigative results have been incorporated into a model that successfully predicts the effect of engine design and operating conditions on power and fuel economy.

The researchers separated their experiments into two phases. In the first phase, they measured turbulence in the engine cylinder; in the second phase, they determined flame speeds over a broad range of operating conditions. Testing took place in a specially designed, single-cylinder engine equipped with a transparent piston to permit high-speed filming of the combustion event.

Hot-wire anemometry was applied to measure the turbulent flows while the engine was operated without combustion. Instantaneous velocities were calculated from the anemometer signals and simultaneous measurements of gas temperature and pressure. More than 400,000 pieces of data were processed for each ten-second measurement period.

The significant measure of turbulence is its "intensity," defined as the fluctuating component of velocity. Because conditions in the cylinder are both transient within cycles and variant between cycles, separating the fluctuating and mean components of velocity is inherently difficult. The researchers overcame this problem by using a probe with two orthogonal wires properly aligned with the direction of the mean flow.

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In the combustion phase, tests were performed at over one hundred operating conditions of varied spark timing, spark plug location, engine speed and intake valve geometry. Detailed thermodynamic analyses were applied to the recorded cylinder pressures to calculate flame speeds throughout combustion. High-speed films were analyzed frame by frame to validate flame speeds and to characterize how gas motions influence the initial flame.

The researchers used these measured flame speeds, turbulence intensities, and the conditions under which they occurred to formulate a burning law for engine flames. They divided the combustion event into four stages. The initiation stage begins with ignition and ends as the flame grows to consume one percent of the fuel mass. In the second stage, the flame accelerates and thickens in response to the turbulent field. The third stage exhibits peak flame speed. In the final stage, the thick flame interacts increasingly with the chamber walls and decelerates.

OVER THE RANGE of turbulent intensities encountered in engines, the researchers were able to describe the turbulent burning velocity, S_T, during the critical third stage of combustion with the expression:

$$S_T = 2.0\, S_L + 1.2\, u'\, P_R^{0.82}\, \beta$$

S_L, the laminar flame speed—a known function of pressure, temperature and mixture composition—is the flame speed that would exist without turbulence. The variable u′ is the turbulence intensity. P_R represents a pressure ratio accounting for combustion-induced compression of the unburned mixture. The dimensionless factor β accounts for the effect of spark timing on geometric distortion of the flame which occurs during the first combustion stage and persists into the later stages.

The researchers also observed that the burning velocity in the second stage increases in proportion to flame radius, and that in predicting the energy release rate from the burning velocity equation, it is necessary to account for the finite flame-front thickness.

"The form of our burning equation," says Dr. Matekunas, "shows a satisfying resemblance to expressions for non-engine flames. This helps link complex engine combustion phenomena to the existing body of knowledge on turbulent flames."

"We see this extension," adds Dr. Groff, "as a significant step toward optimizing fuel economy in automotive engines."

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Matekunas and Groff are senior engineers in the Engine Research Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Both researchers hold undergraduate and graduate degrees in the field of mechanical engineering.

Dr. Matekunas (right) received his M.S. and Ph. D. from Purdue University, where he completed graduate work in advanced optics applications.

Dr. Groff (left) received an M.S. from California Institute of Technology and a Ph. D. from The Pennsylvania State University. His doctoral thesis explored the combustion of liquid metals.

General Motors welcomed Dr. Matekunas to its staff in 1973, and Dr. Groff in 1977.

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security and development of Israel.

Then there is internationalization. Neither Jews nor Arabs want it. The Vatican, which at first advocated the internationalization of Jerusalem, has stopped pressing the issue. A papal statement in 1974 merely suggested international guardianship of the Holy Places. The position of the present pope is unclear. Protestant denominations have not raised the issue in recent years. What effect the current focusing on Jerusalem may have in reviving this proposal remains to be seen.

AS FAR AS Israel is concerned, though it accepted internationalization in 1948, its subsequent experience with international commitments has not inspired great confidence. It is hardly necessary to review the sorry record of grossly violated international guarantees from 1948 to 1967, when the United Nations had not degenerated as yet into its present role as a forum for anti-Israel vituperation. Today the United Nations, with its virulent, knee-jerk anti-Israel majority, hardly qualifies as an impartial warden for Jerusalem. Even if that organization were miraculously reborn into the nonpartisan, deliberative body once envisioned, practical objections to internationalization are raised by those in a position to know: "A city cannot be run by committee." Mayor Kollek has raised the specter of future obligations to refer every proposal from a road to a sewage plant to a series of foreign offices or the UN bureaucracy. Nor has the actual experience of internationalized cities such as Trieste or Gdansk (previously Danzig) been reassuring.

A question that transcends the Arab-Israeli conflict is that of the Holy Places. Israel is particularly sensitive to the international concern in this regard. One of the first acts of the Israeli government after the Six Day War was to proclaim the inviolability of the Holy Places in a special law for their protection: "The Holy Places shall be protected from desecration and any other violation and from anything likely to violate the freedom of access of the members of the various religions to these places" (June 22, 1967). These provisions have been kept scrupulously. The various Christian and Moslem denominations control their churches and mosques and determine the conditions under which they may be visited. Each religion has the responsibility of guarding its sanctuaries. Sometimes the Israeli government has been called upon to adjucate conflicting claims among some Christian sects, and even denominations never recognized under the Ottoman regime or the British Mandate, such as the Bahai sect and the Evangelical Episcopal community, now enjoy official recognition. During Christian festivals that attract pilgrims from all parts of the world the Israeli army vigilantly protects worshippers against terrorist disruption. When a demented Australian Christian set fire to the Al-Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount, Moslems asked for Israeli guards. This did not prevent the launching of a libelous Arab campaign charging Israeli complicity in the fire—an all too tempting way of stirring up the furies of Islam. Perhaps the most telling evidence of Israeli deference to Moslem sensibilities is the barring of all non-Moslems from visiting the area of the Temple Mount except during hours permitted by the Moslem custodians.

The record of Israel's stewardship of the Holy Places compares favorably with that of Jordan. We know what happened to Jewish sanctuaries. While Christian institutions were respected, some of their activities were curtailed. In 1965 a Jordanian law struck down the right of Christian institutions to acquire property in the city by gift, purchase, or bequest. Christian schools were required to close on Friday. In Israel today each religion selects its own sabbath—be it Friday, Saturday, or Sunday. On a purely religious level Christians have small reason to prefer Moslem over Jewish guardianship of the Holy Places. Since many Christians are Arab, however, political and national interests also obtain. Not only ecclesiastical considerations sway a prelate with an Arab flock.

Arab attempts to impede the reclamation of the Western Wall and other archaeological sites hardly merit serious response. Archaeological excavations near the Temple Mount were begun under the Ottomans and continued under the British Mandate and under Jordanian rule. They have been carried on by Israel with full regard for the complex history of the place as impartial UNESCO commissions of archaeologists have testified, despite the routine and lopsided condemnations by UNESCO acting as a political body. Jordan, on the contrary, erected warehouses and toilets adjacent to the Wall and converted the immediate precincts into a slum. Removal of garbage, rubble, and sewage pits was essential for the cleansing and restoration of the site. That Jews for centuries have found religious and national sustenance in a bare Wall, so unlike magnificent mosques and soaring churches, may be one of the mysteries of Jewish existence as well as a symbol of how little they demand. For Jews each foot of this excavated ruin enhances the sense of the past and the promise of the future.

Proposals for international control of the Holy Places, not to be confused with the internationalization of Jerusalem, perhaps would be feasible if administrative problems could be solved. Who would be on a United Nations Commission? The atheistic countries of the communist bloc? Which Christian power? Nevertheless, many Israeli factions would agree to an international status for the Holy Places, were that to reduce political tensions. The present situation, in which each religion exercises sole authority over its institutions seems to be the most efficient. Incidentally, the only Moslem Holy Places in Jerusalem are the two mosques on the Temple Mount. In any case, in conditions of peace, these mosques might well be put under the political protection of some Arab powers. There are some indications that Israel may have already tried to feel out the Saudis in this regard.

BUT THE problem of Jerusalem is not primarily that of Holy Places or the Old City. At issue is the fate of a large multifaceted metropolis, central to the national as well as religious existence of Israel. The "rejectionist" Arab demand incorporated in the recent UN resolution calling for Israeli withdrawal from Jerusalem—without so much as distinguishing between West and East Jerusalem—does not fall within the realm of discussion, any more than does the clamor for the liquidation of the "Zionist entity." Israel's existence may be vulnerable; it is not debatable. There remains Sadat's less extreme demand for the return of East Jerusalem to Arab sovereignty. Yet Israelis who urge withdrawal from most of the heavily populated West Bank and oppose any scheme for the incorporation of a million Arabs into the Jewish state just as vigorously oppose a second dismemberment of Jerusalem. Supporters of Peace Now fervently sign statements in favor of united Jerusalem, capital of Israel. The West Bank and Jerusalem, though each involves questions of historical patri-

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mony and security, must be disentangled.

What Arab sovereignty can legitimately claim East Jerusalem? Jordan's annexation of the West Bank was recognized by no states except Pakistan and Great Britain, and the latter did not recognize the annexation of East Jerusalem by Jordan. A former occupier who seizes territory in a war of aggression as distinct from a war of self-defense—and the UN charter makes allowance for this difference—has no legal standing. But there is no point in playing legalistic games. Arab intentions have been spelled out with full clarity. The PLO stands ready to take over Jerusalem together with the West Bank with the concurrence of the Arab states, including a tractable Hussein.

WHATEVER the eventual outcome of the autonomy talks, whether in time there will emerge an independent Palestinian entity or one federated with Jordan, the "secure and recognized borders" guaranteed by Resolution 242 remain a *sine qua non* for the successful conclusion of peace. Israeli misgivings about a Palestinian state whose sponsors candidly vow to use it as a "a point of departure," a launching pad for the easier destruction of Israel, require no apologies. Were East Jerusalem ceded to Arab sovereignty then this hypothetical entity, potentially belligerent for the foreseeable future, would be not on the doorstep but at the nerve center of Israel, at the heart of the Jewish state. Israelis who recall how before 1967 children played in Jerusalem streets directly under the guns of Jordanian soldiers are not likely to accept a repeat performance with an unpredictable new cast.

There is no tolerable way of carving up Jerusalem. Anyone who contrasts the barbed wire, the minefields, and the monstrosity of the Mandelbaum Gate—the only point of egress for Christian Arabs at Christmas—with the freedom of movement Arabs and Jews now enjoy appreciates the abnormality of the previous situation. A united Jewish Jerusalem is a matter of security as well as sentiment, powerful though the latter may be. Soviet Russia has eloquently defended the "sacred right" of a people to safe borders: "A people which has acquired its security with such heavy sacrifice will never agree to restore the old borders" (*Pravda*, September 25, 1964). Needless to say, Russia was referring to its acquisition of large chunks of Eastern Europe. With far greater propriety Israel can insist that Jerusalem, poised so closely to the country's narrow middle, be kept intact.

Security is one, not the major, consideration. Jerusalem is a city with a Jewish majority. The 70,000 Jews who live in East Jerusalem in suburbs built on what had been rubble, and the example of genuine Arab-Jewish coexistence Jerusalem provides, are compelling arguments without need of further bolstering. The eastern sections are not, in any case, discrete and separable Arab enclaves. Arabs move about undisturbed throughout the city. They work in Israeli institutions at Israeli wages yet maintain their cultural and linguistic identity. Jews in turn shop in Arab bazaars and eat in Arab restaurants. Each is affected by the other's lifestyle. True, there is little social interchange. The five o'clock shadow that for a long time separated Jew and gentile in the United States falls similarly on Jerusalem. It will take time for deliberately fomented hatreds and suspicions to subside so that Israelis will stop fearing a potential terrorist in a polite bank clerk or waiter. Jerusalem Arabs, on the other hand, will have to come to terms with the fact that they are a minority with full civic rights in a city particularly sensitive to the religious and ethnic identities of its various groups, just as Jews are a minority everywhere in the world except Israel, and, for the most part, under far less favorable circumstances. Arabs have 21 states, including Jordan (a major part of historic Palestine, as seen in maps old as well as modern, and with a large Palestinian population). Arab states never weary of declaring that they are one people, culturally and nationally. In contrast, Jews have only a single tiny country and their one holy city for those religious and national satisfactions in which Arabs are so rich. For the sake of peace Israel gave up the buffer of the Sinai, including blooming settlements that Israelis in the classic pioneer tradition wrested from the desert. They will not hand over what they built in the stony hills of East Jerusalem or the restored Old City.

The Arab demand for sovereignty over Jerusalem is identical with their determination to achieve sovereignty over all Israel. The war drums now beating at the UN for Jerusalem will be sounding next for Tel Aviv. Whatever position Israel assumes, it must do so not in the hope of conciliating either Arab rejectionists or so-called "moderates" (who differ from the former only in their timetables, not their goals), but to discover workable solutions for admittedly troublesome problems.

No one pretends that Jerusalem Arabs are immune to PLO influence and the unrest in the West Bank. But the problem of Jerusalem must be separated from that of the West Bank. Jerusalem is *sui generis* and cannot be thrown into the cauldron of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Obviously the difficulties of a complex community are intensified by the political turmoil of the region. Jerusalem, in its diversity, is no easy city to govern. Oriental Jews from the slums demonstrate against the administration and charge discrimination; the ultra-orthodox in their strict enclaves protest secular impieties. Jerusalem Arabs too have their dossier of grievances, just as economically disadvantaged Jews reasonably protest the Begin government's diversion of scarce funds to dubious West Bank settlements. These growing pains of a living city offer no warrant for the renewed fragmentation of the city whose unity Jews cherish as "eternal," despite difficulties they perceive as temporal and temporary. The answer may lie in a borough system or some variant of the plans under study. Whatever system is devised, it will have to take full account of the rightful claims of both the Arab population and the large number of Jews who live together in East Jerusalem.

APART FROM the weighty imponderables of historic and religious attachment, the contemporary experience of Jerusalem demonstrates how much was lost through division and gained through reunion. The current conflagration in the Persian Gulf should convince timid countries that they can afford to consider the question of Jerusalem on its merits. Islamic sectarianism and Arab rivalries, not Israel, make the Middle East combustible. Though the belligerents continue to indulge in ritualistic denunciations of the "Zionist enemy," access to oil will not be facilitated by the abandonment of Israel. This diversionary tactic has been exposed. Perhaps the embassies that obediently moved their quarters may take heart and return to Jerusalem. And all those who revere Jerusalem should remember that the peace of the holy city was not shattered by Israel, not in 1948, not in 1967, and not today.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Making Bets vs. Making Pictures

This space was reserved for a review of *Heaven's Gate*.

Anyone with the smallest interest must know by now that Michael Cimino's new film cost around $40 million, runs (with intermission) over four hours, and was yanked out of theaters after press screenings and a few public showings. Most press reports say that Cimino initiated the withdrawal, but there's no hint that he met with resistance from the distributors, United Artists. Those of us who saw the picture may in time form a band of survivors, larger than those who saw Stroheim's uncut *Greed* in January 1924 but with bonds of sympathy, if not of shared privilege.

Since the film is being revised for re-release next year, criticism is out of order. This much can be said: condensation, even rearrangement, could easily help but can't cure. What's at least equally needed is footage to put *in*. Unless Cimino has outtakes that he thought he didn't need, material that can clarify narrative and characterization, the result is just going to be a smaller blob. Gorgeous, but a blob.

Cimino got a green light on *Heaven's Gate* because of the success of his previous film *The Deer Hunter*, and once the new project was started, it was hard to stop, I guess. The case is not unique. One prior example: earlier this year we saw another disaster which a director was empowered to make because his previous film was a smash. Steven Spielberg followed *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* with *1941*. Commercially the only substantive difference between *1941* and *Heaven's Gate* is that United Artists cut their losses quickly while Spielberg's producers sloshed on further into the red.

It's the drama of the withdrawal, not the fact of the (pro tem) loss, that's impressive. In film and in the commercial theater, big losses go on all the time. *Variety* and the *New York Times* are forever telling us about the booming grosses of Broadway; what they don't often mention are the booming losses: money down the drain every season on flops—not just shows that open and fail but shows that go into previews and close before opening, or close out of town, or close after getting well along in rehearsals. All these approximate the Cimino episode, on a smaller but analagous scale.

I'm not inclined to exculpate Cimino: *Heaven's Gate*, as shown, is the work of a gifted man spaced out on ego. But there's another person who needs to be looked at. In this situation, which is a finance situation, what about the financier? The producer. I don't mean the executive(s) responsible for daily activity in the filmmaking, but the person(s) responsible for the prime decision to finance the project. Part of the Hollywood trouble today, apparently, is that those two offices are not the same.

The insufficiently sung hero/villain of film history is the producer. Directors—John Ford, for chief example—have always complained about them, but some producers had style and taste and chose projects that displayed keen showmanship and distinctive flavor. Whoever the director was, we usually knew when we were seeing a Samuel Goldwyn or Sam Spiegel film. Goldwyn films tended to have luxe and restrained sentimentality, Spiegel's tended to have contemporary pertinence expressed on a hyperdramatic scale.

Now most of the very top people seem to wait for someone to approach them with projects; then they do or do not sign checks. They make bets. They have about as much to do with the making of the film as the purchaser of a five dollar parimutuel ticket has to do with the training and racing of horses. In both cases, the losing investor beefs. In both cases, his moral equity seems to be about the same.

I'm not arguing for producer-ridden directors. I'm arguing for sufficient expertness in producers to be able to help as needed. At the least, they have small right to dump on a misguided director whom they have not been able to help, or to convince that he needed help. On the basis of *The Deer Hunter*, there was no reason to believe that Cimino could make an organically sound film. His producers were persuaded by receipts and Academy awards. On those criteria they bet; and they lost. (So far.)

In every filmmaking situation in the world, the producer—or the cadre chief in communist countries, or whatever his title may be—is the publicly unacknowledged begetter. In Hollywood, as the stakes rise, his decisions are increasingly nerve-racking; and as the stakes rise, he seems to be less and less of a film collaborator, more and more a maker of bets. If *Heaven's Gate* had succeeded, its backers, I admit, would not have shared much of the glory. But in the disaster, I maintain, the people who approved that script, then did nothing but sign more and more checks, should not be allowed to make Cimino take all the lumps.

Films Worth Seeing

From the Life of the Marionettes. Ingmar Bergman, now in Germany, grappling once more with the ultimately inexplicable mysteries of behavior. Not his best film, still a work possible only to genius.

Kagemusha. Akira Kurosawa in the wars of 16th-century Japan. As above, not his best film, still a work possible only to genius.

Raging Bull. The tawdry life of the boxer Jake La Motta deepened to a thick-textured chunk of animalistic power by Robert De Niro and his director Martin Scorsese.

Resurrection. Fine American acting in a floppy script about a woman who suddenly acquires healing powers.

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Ray Stark is an exception, an initiating and swimmingly successful producer; but he can bobble too. His company, Rastar Productions, has just backed a film—small-scale, not the *Heaven's Gate* league—that's all strain and no result. *The Competition* was written and directed by Joel Oliansky: it's his debut as a feature director, though he has written and directed for TV. *The Competition* is one of those scripts that are like recipes. First, catch your rabbit, then add ingredients. The worst of it is, you can *see* them catch the rabbit and add the ingredients.

A competition for young concert pianists, similar to the ones held annually in several countries. That's the rabbit. Then how about we make one of the contestants a good-looking young man and another a good-looking young woman? Oh, boy. Then how about a Soviet competitor, since Russians are musical and even run such a contest? Oh, boy. But have it in the US so that he or she can defect? We-e-ell, if he/she defects, we lose him/her in the story. OK, how about making her a sensitive girl whose older woman-companion defects? Oh, *boy*!

The black contestant and the tough-kid contestant follow, of course.

The most interesting aspect of the film is that the two leads, Richard Dreyfuss and Amy Irving, can play the piano a bit. The sound-track is not theirs, but at least they can move their hands convincingly over the keyboard. Every time the camera opens with a shot of playing hands, we think. "Oh, sure. Now there'll be a cut to a face, and we're supposed to think it's his (her) hands that we just cut away from." But no, the camera just pulls back; the hands belong to Dreyfuss or Irving.

That, you ask, is the most interesting aspect? Well, consider that you are requested to believe in Lee Remick as a world-famous pianist and Sam Wanamaker as a world-famous conductor. Consider, too, that Amy Irving, whose voice seems to originate about two feet outside her body, fluttering in mid-air, performs like a (mildly pretty) bride of Frankenstein waiting for a mad doctor to turn on the switch and bring her to life. Consider, too, that Richard Dreyfuss, usually Mr. Energy, acts in this picture as if he were between pictures. And, for some reason, is very noticeably made up. Consider, lastly, that the ending of the picture is so lame, with total copout on the many problems torturously explored before, that all hands seem to be saying: "We don't know any sensible way out of this. Ah, the hell with it."

I don't think any producer could have cured that ending; but a sharper producer could have prevented the beginning.

Charles Michener on photography

A Season of Photography Books

William Klein, who grew up as a poor Jewish kid in the Bronx, says that photographing his life-in-the-raw street scenes was "close to what a fighter feels after jabbing and circling and getting hit, when suddenly there's an opening, and bang! Right on the button." Jill Krementz, the daughter of a jeweler in Morristown, New Jersey, says she prefers to photograph famous writers at home because "I think it is very important for the subject to be relaxed, even happy." The late Charles Pratt, a landscape photographer who was brought up in a rich family on New York's Upper East Side, wrote: "I start out with the hope that I will find something I recognize, in a scene, say, or a relationship, or quality of light." Often, he confessed, "I wander about not knowing where the thing or place is which will resurrect my past self or what I am trying to resurrect."

In the face of warnings that reality is about to be entirely consumed by photographic images, it is well to remember that behind all the images are shutterbugs compelled to take pictures for every imaginable reason—from Bronx-bred dreams of danger to Morristown-bred dreams of feeling cozy with famous writers to Proustian longings for a past blurred by wealth. Writers and painters are just as variously afflicted, but they tend to reveal themselves more blatantly in their images. Photographers, whether they call themselves journalists or artists, not only appropriate reality but camouflage themselves in it, challenging the rest of us to divine their real identities behind the scenes.

Fortunately, around the end of each year comes a deluge of expensive photography books to ease the task. This year the prize for Best Revelation unquestionably belongs to Aperture for its monograph, *William Klein: Photographs* ($50, official publication in January 1981). It is the contention of John Heilpern in his excellent introduction that Klein, a *Vogue* photographer in the 1950s who used his fashion earnings to finance documentary pictures of startling immediacy, "influenced a whole generation of photographers" with images that were then considered "barbaric." Just how much he did so is not really explained, but it's abundantly clear from Klein's grainy, unruly scenes of New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo that he, as much as the more acclaimed Robert Frank, was out to break ranks with the reigning documentary classicism of Henri Cartier-Bresson and Walker Evans. According to Heilpern, Klein's earliest Bronx memory is of emerging from a Jimmy Cagney movie into the bright light of an elevated subway. His pictures of New Yorkers watching a Fifth Avenue parade or Muscovites outside Gum department store burst with that sense of astonishment, a Cagney-like, wise-guy humor held in check by a formal discipline that may owe something to Klein's early tutelage as a painter under Fernand Léger. A longtime expatriate in Paris who has largely abandoned photography to make documentary films during the past 20 years, Klein, now 52, epitomizes the disingenuous photographer when he tells Heilpern, "Photography—it's no big deal."

Eve Arnold's *In China* (Knopf, $30) wears a more brightly painted mask—page after glossy page of golden-skinned citizens of the People's Republic, photographed in jewel-like color in scenes of quiet industry, bright-eyed sagacity, and unblinking pride to be standing against the most unpolluted vistas east of the Grand Tetons. But that's for the coffee-table consumer. Traveling 40,000 miles through China in five months on what she calls her "ultimate assignment," Arnold packs each frame with information of every

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"Horse training for the militia (Inner Mongolia)," from IN CHINA.

sort—about the country's persistent diversity of dress; about the inside of a shoemaking enterprise in Tibet; about the study of art in Chungking (the exercise is to copy Michelangelo's *David*); about—in the single most unforgettable image—a young girl's horse-training for the militia in Inner Mongolia.

Gjon Mili, another venerable photojournalist, is perhaps best known for his studies in *Life* of human motion captured in luminous multiple exposure. Splashy in their time (these studies did much to propagate the notion that "art photography" was nothing but a high-falutin' form of popular mechanics), they are of considerably less interest today than the dozen or so candid portraits of celebrities and newsworthies sprinkled throughout *Photographs & Recollections: Gjon Mili* (New York Graphic Society, $40). Mili's photo essay on Eichmann in captivity, which ends with a stunning picture of the prisoner's carefully manicured fingers, his portraits of artistic notables like Pablo Casals (the best shot is of the cellist's vigorous ankles), and a tensely alert series on the Watergate hearings make one wish that Mili had put more stock in his marvelous eye for simple human detail and less in developing a bravura technique.

How lucky we would be if Arnold Newman were possessed of more of Mili's quicksilver intuition about his sitters. In *Artists: Portraits from Four Decades* (New York Graphic Society, $49.95), this dogged compiler of who's who in modern art—he reports that he still feels bad about his "misses," including Gorky, Rothko, Brancusi, and Walt Kuhn—doesn't so much capture his subjects as arrange them, often in a mannered relationship with their work (two birds with one stone) or in a Newman-contrived setting that apes the work. Sometimes the artist's personal glow cuts through (Joan Miró) and Newman is capable of relaxing his graphic pushiness to achieve a powerful head-on simplicity reminiscent of August Sander (as in the 1941 portrait of Jack Levine). But Henry Geldzahler isn't really right to praise Newman in his forward for giving us "the raw material of history." For the most part these are slick portraits in the most accomplished sense. The only thing "raw" about them is that many of the artists look decidedly glum about having their picture taken.

To her credit, Jill Krementz, the equally dogged compiler of who's who in contemporary literature, views her famous subjects as, for the most part, an amiable lot. We know that's wishful thinking (what about all those famous drinkers?). Nonetheless, *The Writer's Image* (David R. Godine, $22.50) suggests that conversation with many of these wordsmiths might be almost as engaging as reading their books. There are no surprises here (except for the vast array of pipes on Georges Simenon's corporate-looking desk), but Krementz has the good sense to show most of the writers in worlds of their—not her—own making.

Students of literature will learn little from Krementz but art students can profit enormously from *Pollock Painting* (Agrinde Publications, $14.95), a splendid selection of Hans Namuth's famous visual document of the action painter in full, unbridled action. Selected from the 500 stills Namuth made of Jackson Pollock between 1950 and the painter's death in 1956, these photographs go a long way toward showing how Pollock's splatter paintings achieved their visceral magnetism. Historically, Barbara Rose argues in one of several

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essays surrounding the pictures, they also did as much as anything to promote the myth of Pollock as the preeminent artist-hero of our time.

"It's a duet between you and him," thrills Loretta Young about the collaboration between great movie stars like herself and the mostly unknown image-makers whose publicity stills of Garbo, Cooper, Dietrich, Gable, Lombard, et al. were produced like popcorn in the 1930s and 1940s. *The Art of the Great Hollywood Portrait Photographer* (Knopf, $35), with a text by the London film archivist John Kobal and a handsomely reproduced selection of 150 pinups from his vast collection, is really an exercise in high flattery of people whose natural endowments needed little flattery to begin with. From one of the masters, MGM's George Hurrell, we learn that Jean Harlow's "high forehead and short chin were a serious consideration in lighting her, but the cleft in her chin was an asset because it helped balance her forehead." Katharine Hepburn speaks directly to those who have noticed the discrepancy between her good looks in person and her great looks on film: "I let myself go before the camera. I mean, you can't photograph a dead cat." Of the half-dozen photographers given chapters of their own, the lone woman, Ruth Harriet Louise, is the only one who apparently sparked any human connection in the duet between herself and her famous players.

If these photographs—they're really appreciations of great architecture—give you a toothache, turn immediately to *Private Pictures* (Viking, $9.95 paper), a portfolio of uninvited snapshots by two of the most determined success spoilers on the European *paparazzi* scene, Daniel Angeli and Jean-Paul Dousset. Most of their quarry need leveling—they include rock stars and one Italian businessman caught in the buff—but ogling fat Elizabeth and poor Richard outside Maxim's is, like much of this stuff, a tired joke. Only one celebrity seems entirely prepared for the ambush—the Duchess of Windsor, who smiles tautly at the flash while her husband is seized by a look of indigestion. Only two fight back: Jack Nicholson employs the time-honored rebuke of "mooning" and Mick Jagger sticks out his tongue.

Photography as an agent of voyeurism has been brilliantly exploited by Joyce Baronio, a young, Yale-educated protégé of Walker Evans, who took her childhood love of playing dress-up to the shocking extreme of setting up a studio in New York's Times Square and photographing the women—and a few of the men—who perform for the fantasy-starved patrons of what she decorously refers to as the sex entertainment industry. The results, in *Joyce Baronio: 42nd Street Studio* (Pyxidium Press, $40), pack a double wallop. Photographed in their work clothes or lack thereof—a French soubrette's frilly parasol, ropes, a bridal veil—and posed against a bare wall lit by shafts of natural daylight that at once bless the subjects and lend an air of imprisonment, these "personalities" are both figures in an essay about erotic fantasy and fantasy-inducing sex objects of the frankest sort. Many are astonishingly beautiful—poor cousins of Dietrich and Hepburn. And they have something else in common with those great, Good Housekeeping-approved stars: as Linda Nochlin suggests in her astute, historically alert introduction, these young women may have become so adept at their trade that they are no longer dreaming dreams of their own, but only dreams of others. As such, they add a psychological dimension that is largely missing from an elegant historical survey of undraped figures, *Nude: Photographs, 1850-1980* (Harper & Row, $39.95, $45 after December 31). Except in the loving, face-to-face *demimonde* encounters by E. J. Bellocq and Brassai and a red-lit male nude in a morning-after setting by William Eggleston, it seems that most photographers for the last 130 years have been so amazed by the naked human form that they have forgotten to think about what's inside it.

England's finest photographer has magisterially side-stepped the issue for the past 35 years by viewing the female nude as a landscape (or, in many cases, as the centerpiece in a landscape). *Bill Brandt: Nudes, 1945-1980* (New York Graphic Society, $37.50) brings us up-

"Katharine Hepburn, 1935," from THE ART OF THE GREAT HOLLYWOOD PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHERS.

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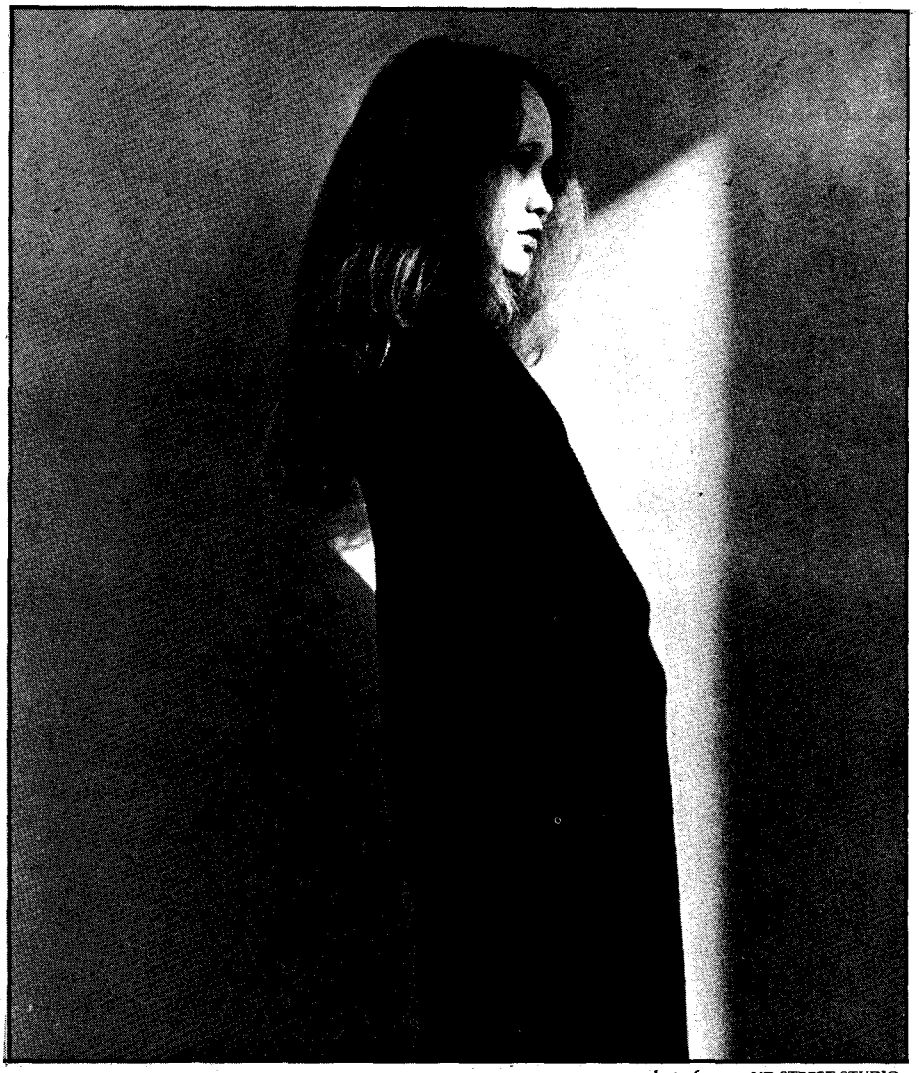

photo from 42ND STREET STUDIO.

to-date on one of the most sustained obsessions in contemporary art. From the beginning, the affinities of Brandt's monumental limbs (natural wonders, really) to the forms of his countryman Henry Moore have been clear—as have their echoes of Man Ray's surrealism and the deep-focus cinematography of Gregg Toland in *Citizen Kane*. But what was implicit in his early work—an underlying sense of anxiety—has recently become explicit. From 1977 on, Brandt's nudes have increasingly acquired the aura of victims. In several instances, they have even acquired the sadomasochistic trappings of Helmut Newton's women—though, unlike the pictures of that trashmaster, their interest can in no way be described as prurient. Brandt's latest nudes, photographed on the rocky East Sussex coast, exude an eternal mournfulness—in keeping, no doubt, with the seafaring history of that region of England. Turned in on themselves, their faces cropped out or hidden by hair, they crouch, lie, and squat on the shore' inhospitable boulders as if this were their final resting place.

Two landscape books are haunted by the past. Charles Pratt's *The Garden and the Wilderness* (Horizon Press, $50) is very much a book of love by—and in memory of—a photographer who died in 1976. A modest rebel from a very rich Wall Street family who chose a career in photography, Pratt writes eloquently in a lengthy text about straying—but not too far—from home: "I am drawn to those places where the garden and wilderness do indeed lie adjacent because comfort can turn into boredom as often as adventure can become dangerous." His superbly organized pictures bear him out: an aged, gnarled beech tree whose roots are buckling a plutocratic brick walk; a child marching steadfastly toward a beckoning Scottish castle, and best of all, a black cow taking her ease in a Connecticut field—which Pratt's teacher, Lisette Model, describes credibly in her introduction as "the most elegant cow I've ever seen." With equal justice, Pratt's editor and great good friend, William Maxwell, points out another reason for this album's quiet, satisfying charm: "Charlie did not snap pictures, he stalked them, like an angel searching out innocence in order to watch over it."

There is nothing quiet about the landscapes in *Brett Weston: Photographs from Five Decades* (Aperture, $39.50), in which the unseen presence of the photographer's father, Edward Weston, hovers like the ghost of Hamlet's father. A "profile" by R. H. Cravens tries to sweep away the older Weston's shadow once and for all by declaring that "Edward's was the grander vision, Brett's the purer." To this eye, however, the pictures tell a somewhat different, more complicated, tale. Now nearly 70, Brett has remained obsessed with his father's

"Long Island, New York, 1960," from THE GARDEN AND THE WILDERNESS.

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obsession—to render "the very substance and quintessence of the *thing itself*"—for 50 years with a single-minded intensity that suggests, paradoxically, a desire to exorcise the damn "itness" of the thing, whether it be spiky cactus leaves, the shimmer of a pond, or the side of a picket fence. The younger Weston's technical prowess (the blackest black, the whitest white) seems achieved by a perfectionism that is brutal yet not savage enough to free the images from past associations so they can exist magically on their own.

Finally, the triumph—picture for picture—of the season: *Harry Callahan Color* (Matrix, $85). Unlike so many of his fellow American masters (he is the youngest surviving member of the pantheon), Callahan was never contemptuous of color photography as smacking too much of commercialism or carrying too much "reality." From the beginning of his career in the early 1940s, when he explored camera movements on colored lights, he tried to adapt what he was mastering in black and white to color. Magnificently reproduced, this album traces that "shadow" career up to the present, when Callahan virtually abandoned black and white in favor of color. Throughout, he seems guided by one principle: the images must earn, so to speak, their way *photographically* in color. A. D. Coleman, in an afterword, notes perceptively that working in color has brought to Callahan's work a new sensuosity, "a coming to terms with the feminine mode of perception." But there has been no loss of that "masculine" sense of classical order, of feeling distilled with utmost rigor. In his cityscapes, which stress their continuous discontinuity of architecture, in the sadly gay jumble of Providence's old neighborhoods of frame houses splashed against eerily oppressive blue skies, in the painted loneliness of his magnificent 1979 series of Irish facades and empty village streets, one senses a great photographer's new embrace of life.

Answering the Odd World

Ray
by Barry Hannah

(Knopf; $7.95)

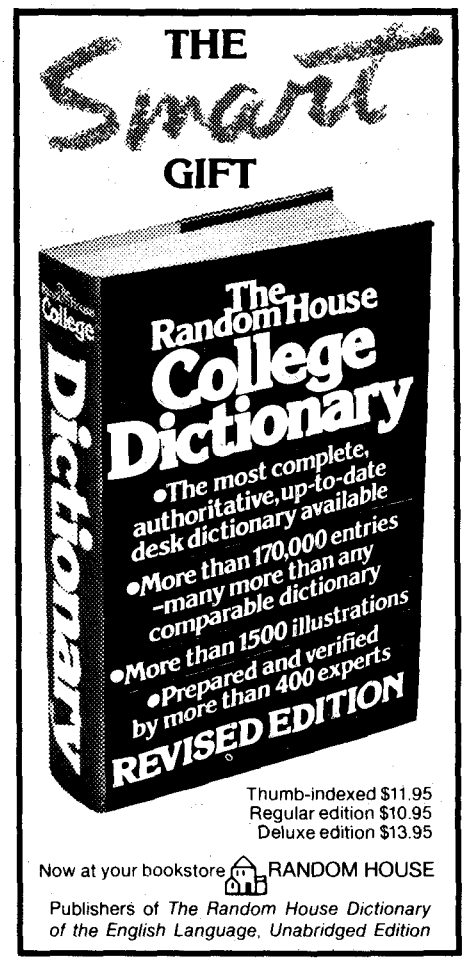
Philip Roth was not the first fictionist to remark the imagination's short reach in contrast to daily doings and undoings, those quotidian enactments registered in the ledgers of newspapers and the oral histories of bar stories. Finally, to say that fiction is inadequate to the reality of the death camps or the bomb or a mass murder or a pedestrian fatality is perhaps to have noticed about fiction something not very interesting, or useful.

When the story writer or novelist responds, however, to the world he chooses to imagine in the mimetic mode reduced to the rubric "realism," the paltriness of fancy becomes consequential. The journalism of Michael Herr's *Dispatches* responds with a whole heart to the world as it was in Vietnam when he was there to see it, but an acute obliqueness of vision translates that world into nothing before perceived. I believe that the short fictions of Raymond Carver, rightly celebrated for their astounding turns and phrasings and modulations, have been mislabeled experiments in wonderland, exercises in the surreal. I believe that Carver, and now Barry Hannah, limn the quotidian with such exactness that things-as-they-are cannot after such writing again resemble things-as-they-were.

The sometimes third-person hero who gives the title to this novel, usually told by him in first person, is an alcoholic medical doctor and veteran jet fighter pilot alive and troublemaking right now. He flew from a carrier over Vietnam from 1967 to 1969, and now he has children, his second marriage has gone to hell, he teaches American civilization at the local college, has enjoyed love and lust with Sister Hooch, who has been shot dead by a religious fanatic. Ray steals a Learjet and it crashes, and he survives. Oh, the thing begins to sound dime a dozen, another low-budget extravaganza, one of those country tent-shows of modernist fiction that camp on the back pages of the book review sections on their way down the road to Marboro Country.

Ray is nothing like that. Like Hannah's previous book of stories, *Airships*, it has energy, acuity of observation, stamina, formal beauty, wit, a signature as bold as Herr's or Carver's, whose unsettling transitions it shares. The book also, for all the seemingly reflexive (even conventional) *bizarrerie* of its plot, plunders (with a few misbegotten indulgences, abuses of license) felt and experienced life.

Ray lives in Tuscaloosa, where *Ray* is set, but its author, like Ray, grew up in Jackson, Mississippi. I chanced recently to visit that capital city, where I spent time with two perspicacious friends whose entertainment of a Saturday used to be a trip to Sears, where they would watch country people try to ride the only escalator in Mississippi, where one of the best restaurants in town serves "fish in a sack" and "Happy Birthday" can be played on the jukebox, where a recent newspaper story told of a man charged by his wife with having obliged her to endure the sexual appetites of "a 90-pound bulldog. . . . Afterwards her husband had sex with her, she said. When he finished he untied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her and they watched television for the rest of the evening, she told the police."

So there is a sanction for Ray's vision of nature, and the bounds of the natural: nothing cute or contrived about it when Ray notices a neighbor's "eyes light up with the normal sex-crazy look of a man." Nothing out of the way about the Hooches's remarkable yard:

> The stacked tires, the station wagon half-captured by kudzu and ivy, the fishing boat on wheels, the tops of an ash and pine tree rising from the falling ravine behind the backyard, and in front, the house, a peeling eyesore, the complaint of the neighborhood. The Hooches! . . . I have seen the moon make an opaque ghost of the backyard, and I have seen the Hooch animals roam out into it, smelling the life of themselves. They enter the border of visibility and pass through it into the uncanny.

On display in this passage, without need of amplification, is Hannah's nobly cadenced syntax, and his willingness to penetrate the phenomenon of animals "smelling the life of themselves." Here too is an intimation of weakness, something too ripe with Literature, the locution "I have seen . . . ," a self-consciousness (however elegantly phrased) about the delicate membrane between what is visible and what is uncanny.

So to a cavil, what I hope has not become obligatory in the genre of the notice, like a red caboose at the tail of a train of coal cars, or a hangover after a night of boozy good cheer. If it is true that "the land is full of crashing jets, carbon monoxide, violent wives, and murderous men," I wish Ray had not felt the need to say it. I wish he had contented himself with the observation that immediately follows this homiletic inventory of the deplorable: "There is a great deal of metal and hardness." *That's* Ray!

Such lapses into the attitudinal and portentous are rare, but they are hurtful:

> Yes, I have seen the rain coming down on a sunny day. I have seen the moon hot and the sun cold. I have seen almost everything dependable go against its nature. I have seen needless death and I have seen needless life.

Two other failures, I think: the flaming plane wreck was probably a bad idea, and Hannah's serious wish to marry the past with the present ("I live in so many centuries. Everybody is still alive."), central to stories in *Airships*, remains an ambition unrealized. Ray's retreats into the times and consciousness of Fernando DeSoto and Jeb Stuart and their followers is merely a given, inorganic to Ray's extraordinary capacity to experience and meditate upon contraries, simultaneously. He tells his class: " 'One lesson we as Americans must learn is to get used to the contrarieties in our hearts and learn to live with them.' Etc." Oh, I would have loved to have written that! The formality of it, redeemed by its truth, redeemed by the plain honesty of "Etc."

Ray is drying out in a (mental?) hospital when his story begins, and his life is in ruins. But he ends with a cheer ('ray!), and he wears down the hard facts of things with lapidary attention to their underlying natures. It may be that "we were invented by water as a means of getting itself from one place to the other." That's okay, we were invented, we get around. It is surely so that "sometimes there is no answer from your wife, even when you're sweet as pie. Sometimes there is no answer from the world." Written by a realist, answering the odd world.

Geoffrey Wolff

Geoffrey Wolff's most recent book is *The Duke of Deception* (Random House).

In Praise of Loose Baggy Monsters

Ideas and the Novel
by Mary McCarthy

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)

Implicit in Mary McCarthy's four Northcliffe Lectures, recently delivered in London and collected here, is a historical thesis of the kind called "descendental." Novels used to be wonderful, intelligent things, back in the 19th century, partly because they were full of "explicit ideas"; but today's novel, without ideas, is poorer stuff altogether. There are some minor historical filigrees: Henry James is the turning point, for instance, and Thomas Mann is a 19th-century throwback. But mostly, for Mary McCarthy, the decline of the genre can be charted as a diagonal plunge, from the *roman idée* of Balzac and Hugo, down through to the dismal present, where the right proportion of idea to narrative is no longer even a dilemma for the novelist. Nowadays, all simply, "ideas are held not to belong in the novel; in the art of fiction we have progressed beyond such simplicities." This last is of course sarcastic. So wry is it, and so firm, that we must finally ask the question that nags, silently, throughout: if Mary McCarthy is so passionate about the lost graces of novels with ideas in them, then why aren't her own novels more than only slightly *idée*? The answer comes:

> The doctrine of progress in the arts is a hard doctrine, imposing itself even on those who are fervent non-believers. The artist is an imitative beast, and, being of my place and time, I cannot philosophize in a novel in the good old way any more than I can write 'We mortals.' A novel that has ideas in it stamps itself as dated; there is no escape from that law.

That is not a good answer. D. H. Lawrence would have hated that answer. He would have bolted from the table, out of the house, torn his shirt off in the adjacent woods, and crushed berries against his chest as a cleansing from having heard that answer spoken. If it is offered in all sincerity, it is nonetheless lacking in courage. Mary McCarthy points, defensively perhaps, to the nefarious power of "reviewers and teachers of literature," but novels are as novelists do. If the novel is in need of saving by the explicit waging of wars of ideas on its pages, then who is better qualified to wage them than the author of some of the most underrated novels of recent decades?

But it is clear from the outset that the real interest of *Ideas and the Novel* does not lie in its contentiousness about the contemporary novel, but in the readings it gives of some 19th-century masterworks in the novel: *The Red and the Black*, *Les Miserables*, *Lost Illusions*, *Hard Times*, *The Possessed*, *War and Peace*, and some scattered things in George Eliot and others. They are lively, wholly engaging readings, full of critical shrewd-

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ness and readerly pleasure. And in a general way the project is very welcome, because the 19th-century realist novel is in need of appreciation and celebration these days. Their presumption of a leisurely, cooperative, highly literate audience is being rather sorely tested, and they are in trouble in the universities as well. Mary McCarthy is right in saying that Jamesian standards for fiction have been deeply influential, and the consequence has been a learned taste for shapeliness of narrative contour, uninterrupted by the intrusion of "ideas" or raw, unassimilated, accidental factuality—that which makes for the impression of life.

But taste alone would not have been decisive. That which killed off, or nearly, the academic appreciation of the overstuffed realist novel was the rise of American formalism in the 1940s. The most prolific and assertive generation of critics ever grew up on an approach to texts that originally had been devised to handle short poems by Donne, and never did anything else nearly so well. Preaching the well-tempered coherences of diminutive form, what could New Critics say to the astounding but significant disorder of *War and Peace*, swarming with non-fictive, "unliterary" asides? Against the strictures of Messrs. Wellek and Warren, the works of Balzac, Tolstoy, Dickens, and others refused to distill "world" neatly into "word."

It is as appreciation and celebration of such an inclusive and actually *hungry* aesthetic that *Ideas and the Novel* is chiefly valuable. In particular it is good to have the sensitive reading of Victor Hugo, who, though André Gide called him the best novelist in the French language, has scarcely been attended to by English readers in this century. About all the French novels she treats, Mary McCarthy is most helpful. This is because of the nature of her insistence on the intimate relation, a "secret sympathy," between ideas and "common factuality" in novels, a condition which really does inform the making of the first wave of realist texts. Of this "secret sympathy," the modern novel knows nothing. We have banished "mental concepts," but at the same time make too much of mere facts. But the French realists, Miss McCarthy is saying, had the balance right: ideas and things in simultaneous and profligate abundance, filling out the frame of necessary human experience.

But she is crucially, centrally wrong about the next phase of realism, about Tolstoy and Dostoevsky and George Eliot, probably because in them a wholly different relation between ideas and facts obtained. As the Marxist critic Georg Lukacs repeatedly pointed out, the factuality of the 1830s novel in France led to the dreary, idea-less, informational prose of Zola: naturalism, not realism. Far from furthering the role of ideas by any "secret sympathy" with them, the plentiful facts of naturalism led to the regrettable poverty of ideas in modernism: out of Flaubert, by way of Zola, came Joyce. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and George Eliot clearly stand aside from that development. That is because their realism was as much *imagined* as observed: the sympathy was between ideas and *imagination*, of a kind that might or might not confirm the ideas, and might indeed explode them. The heir to this other tradition was D. H. Lawrence, for whom "common facts" hardly existed, and yet he is plainly a novelist of ideas. Thus he is somewhat confusing to Mary McCarthy, and her reaction is to wax a little nasty on the subject of his work.

What she is most of the time, however, is ardent and witty and wise. One is grateful, above all, for the chance to read an armful of masterpieces over her shoulder.

John Romano

John Romano teaches English at Columbia and frequently reviews for the *New York Times Book Review.*

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Labor as Management

Economic Democracy: The Challenge of the 1980s
by Martin Carnoy and Derek Shearer

(M. E. Sharpe, Inc.; $15, $7.95 paper)

During the last five years or so, the broad democratic left in America has arrived at what amounts to a consensus. The political thrust of all those—liberals, socialists, populists, freelance radicals—who desire significant social change has focused on a challenge to corporate power.

Assuming that the political momentum enjoyed by the right can be halted and that the democratic left can once again take the offensive in the mainstream of American life, how can that vague and emotionally satisfying consensus about corporations be translated into policies that can deal effectively with the most serious economic crisis in a generation? *Economic Democracy*, by Martin Carnoy and Derek Shearer, is an important response to at least part of that question.

The Carnoy-Shearer emphasis is pragmatic, not ideological, concerned with the next 10 years rather than the next century. Indeed, one of my few disagreements with them occurs when they try to label themselves: "The roots of a movement for economic democracy in the United States, if such a movement develops, will be not in the European socialist tradition, but in the American radical tradition of populism, whose primary value was always democracy." That statement sleights the democratic commitment and accomplishment of the European socialists; gives the rural, cooperativist American populist movement a questionable contemporary relevance; and overlooks the systemic, late-capitalist roots of corporate power. But fortunately Carnoy and Shearer are only peripherally concerned with such definitions, and their work is valuable for an "economic democrat" like myself, who takes the term to be a genteel way of saying "socialist" in a politically underdeveloped society, as well as for "economic democrats" who are populist, capitalist reformers, or what have you.

Irving Howe has noted that when the New Deal came to power there was a liberal and left shopping list already in existence: social security, union recognition, unemployment compensation, public power, and all the rest. Some of these proposed federal measures had already been introduced in progressive states. But what specifically do the economic democrats propose now? Carnoy and Shearer are admirably specific, both in general and as to particulars:

> For us, the two essential elements of any strategy of fundamental reform in the United States today are: (1) the shift of investment control from corporate domination to the public; and (2) the reconstruction of economic decision-making through democratic worker- and worker/consumer-controlled production.

In filling out this excellent program, Carnoy and Shearer range over the actual experiences of attempts at economic democracy in the United States and Western Europe. They take great care not to gild the lily, pointing out, for instance, that capital tied to groups of people in a cooperative arrangement would likely be much less mobile than corporate capital. In such a situation, they note, "the return to capital would be lower [than in corporations] since workers would continue to operate lower-return firms rather than close them and invest in more lucrative possibilities elsewhere." At the same time, there is evidence which indicates that worker productivity would increase dramatically if there were real, and not merely formal, worker decision-making.

That suggests, Carnoy and Shearer write in another context, a critique of the standard American (Russell Long) approach to worker ownership, which is to make the employee a (functionless, passive) stockholder and thereby claim that the plant belongs to the employee. *Economic Democracy* argues, quite rightly, that such a shift will not have any long run impact on productivity. Shortly after their book appeared, life imitated their analysis as the workers at the South Bend Lathe Company went on strike against a corporation they "own." When the workers became the beneficiaries—but not the decision-makers—of an employee trust which took over from private interests that were going to liquidate the enterprise, productivity jumped by 25 percent. But they, the "owners," discovered they had no say in running the company and in August of this year went on strike.

In short, the ownership transformation which will help solve problems of productivity and capital formation, Carnoy and Shearer hold, must be real. I wish they had examined the Swedish debate over the "Meidner Plan" at some length, for it bears crucially on their point. Not so incidentally Olof Palme and the Swedish socialists have conceptualized that proposal (which would require companies to pay a tax in the form of stock to a worker-public mutual fund which would play an active management role), not simply in terms of its democratic and redistributive merits, but as a form of "*collective* profit sharing" and as a source of capital formation. Note that neither Carnoy and Shearer nor the Swedish socialists propose nationalization as a sovereign remedy. As an American socialist, I agree completely with both of them.

Precisely because there is no mass socialist movement in America, people think they have said something radical, even profound, when they demand the nationalization, say, of the entire oil industry. But, Carnoy and Shearer rightly comment, where are you going to get a competent, socially conscious managerial cadre to run that industry? How are you going to transform property that is theoretically democratic—"owned" by the people—into property that is actually democratic—run by the people? At best, wholesale nationalization of entire industries would write that South Bend experience large, changing little but the fine legal print and nothing of the real economic and social relationships. This point is important to bear in mind when we hear the most popular buzz word of the 1980s: "reindustrialization."

Everyone, even Ronald Reagan, now realizes that structural economic change is on the agenda; the falling roof of American capitalism has succeeded in concentrating even some conservative minds on the problem that is hitting them on the head. But who decides? Who pays? Carnoy and Shearer are for a "Reconstruction Finance Corporation"—and so is Felix Rohatyn. But Rohatyn (and I take him as emblematic of sophisticated corporate liberalism) wants the RFC to prop up the old social relationships, which he regards as the best basis for fighting the crisis. Carnoy and Shearer, on the contrary, see the

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RFC as a means of bringing the workers and communities affected by the structural change into the decision-making process. That is not, as a truly dense review of *Economic Democracy* and my *Decade of Decision* in the *Wall Street Journal* triumphantly insisted, socialism—but then, it was never intended to be. But it is a significant change within capitalism, comparable, say, to the saving transformation of the system wrought by the New Deal, and it is politically possible.

That political possibility manifested itself recently in an area that radical critics sometimes avoid: the question of who pays for all these fine things? Carnoy and Shearer are quite specific here, as elsewhere. "The basic elements of our strategy for democratizing investment," they write,

> are the creation from both private and public employee funds of city- and state-owned banks staffed with trust departments competent to handle large pension fund accounts; the establishment by the labor movement itself of a national pension fund advisory service . . . ; federal purchase of at least one healthy national bank-holding company and one nationally active insurance company to operate as 'competitive' enterprises in the nation's capital market. . . .

In August the AFL-CIO Executive Council adopted the broad outlines of precisely that policy, at least as regards pension funds. That marked a historic shift. The American unions, with precious few exceptions, always have opposed economic democracy, arguing that management should manage and unions should represent workers' interests as against management. Period. But now the magnitude of the current crisis and the realization that workers' pension funds are normally invested against workers' interests have created a very significant change. I would not pretend for a moment that Carnoy and Shearer will see their own program adopted at the next AFL-CIO convention. I do assert emphatically that they have formulated a series of transitional demands that are profoundly relevant, not simply to what the American economy should be, but to what American politics might be.

Michael Harrington

Michael Harrington's most recent book is *Decade of Decision* (Simon and Schuster).

Tempted by Tyranny

Indira Gandhi
by Dom Moraes

(Little, Brown; $15)

Late one night last September, long after most of the people of New Delhi had gone to sleep in the welcome cool of the first breath of fall, Indira Gandhi's government suddenly promulgated a new law giving itself the power to imprison for a year, without trial, anyone it suspected of "acting in any manner prejudicial to the defense of India or the security of India." The new law, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi explained blandly, assuming her characteristic posture of misunderstood guardian of the people, "is merely to deal with antisocial elements." Indeed, there are so many antisocial elements, as there are so many of everything else in India, from PhD candidates to undernourished infants. In the year preceding the new executive edict, there had been a steady and alarming increase in the number of mortal clashes between Hindus and Moslems out in the parched countryside of northern India, and of such bloody horrors as the lynching of untouchables for drinking from the wrong well. Strong action was needed, and now strong action there would be.

And yet, for those of us all over the world who love India, there is now new unease at what looks like a drift back toward authoritarianism, and we wonder whether these are signs that the lights of freedom are once again beginning to blink out across what we like to call the world's most populous democracy. That is why the effort that Dom Moraes has made with this new biography of Prime Minister Gandhi is worthwhile, and it is also why it is a shame that he did not produce a better book. *Indira Gandhi* is a useful introduction to India, and it provides some insight into the complex personality of the woman who is running it—or trying to. But on the question that is central to Mrs. Gandhi's whole life—can India be governed democratically?—Moraes is silent, or as vague and superficial as the prime minister is herself. In one of the few passages in which he deals with this question at all, Moraes declares, implying that Mrs. Gandhi has endorsed his theory, that

> the democratic principle theoretically begun in Greece has never really worked, in its pure form, anywhere. It has continually to be adapted. For a country whose people are totally unused to western democratic patterns, the style of Mrs. Gandhi is applicable and understandable. Mrs. Gandhi understands, in her blood and bones, how to run such a country.

And then, in a reprehensible bit of innuendo, he derides the "intellectuals who, having been educated in or from the west, thought that the ethics of the L.S.E. or even the CIA demanded something different from her." How fitting that this fawning biography should shift the blame, in a fuzzy, unspecified way, to that authentic third world bogeyman, the CIA. Several times I have heard Mrs. Gandhi play the same rhetorical trick, with the same effect. But what proof do you have, Mrs. Gandhi? the reporters would ask. "The CIA doesn't advertise these things, you know," she would reply scornfully, and then fall silent.

The so-called "emergency period,"

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from mid-1975 to early 1977, when Mrs. Gandhi's government suspended civil liberties and jailed tens of thousands of its political opponents, was the central crisis so far in the noble experiment of Indian democracy. Moraes, a Cambridge-educated poet and journalist, treats it far too lightly and far too much from Mrs. Gandhi's own point of view—a reflection, presumably, of her apparently enthusiastic cooperation with him in the preparation of the book, and of the fact that he happened to be writing it at a time when she was out of office, when the motley government that succeeded her was becoming unstuck.

For example, by concentrating on the relative comfort in which such leaders as Morarji Desai were "imprisoned if that is the word," Moraes ignores the filth, squalor, and brutality to which most of Mrs. Gandhi's political prisoners were subjected. And he makes the perfectly absurd statement that Morarji Desai's government, which succeeded Mrs. Gandhi's, controlled "the press to the same extent as Mrs. Gandhi did during the emergency," when full censorship was in force. Moraes also quotes, without comment, the chilling explanation of the emergency that Mrs. Gandhi gave him during one of the many interviews he had with her afterward: "the idea was to arrest anyone who was likely to exert a troublesome influence in the country or the area." (How much that sounds like what she said this fall!)

The whole thing ended abruptly, in March 1977, when to almost everyone's surprise, the people were given the chance to vote against Mrs. Gandhi's harsh rule, and did so, overwhelmingly. It seemed the first time in history that a dictator had been voted out of office, and to those of us who were there at the time, the verdict of those 200 million paper ballots was a moving reaffirmation of freedom and democracy. But here is how Mr. Moraes looks at it: "'Father forgive them,' Mrs. Gandhi could have said to the unforgiving Delhi sky, 'for they know not what they do.'"

Although *Indira Gandhi*, as political history, is for the most part naive or meretricious, one does come away from it with a good idea of Mrs. Gandhi as a petulant leader, inclined toward paranoia, who constantly shifts the cast of her retinue because she constantly expects to be betrayed. To his credit, Moraes quotes opinions with which he obviously disagrees, such as Desai's characteristically stark, "She is not truthful," or this, from a dismissed adviser: "She is a woman with a mediocre mind and she does not know good from evil." But the author then lamely backs away from such truths thus: "People call her a liar. I would rather say she prevaricates, evading the definite statement in conversation, but when she acts she is not a liar to herself."

One real value of this book is that it gives rarely reported glimpses of the happy side of Mrs. Gandhi, simply as a person. The unfortunately grim expression in which the camera almost invariably catches her does not prepare the visitor for the smiling charm and warmth that really are there when she wants them to be, and Moraes does put this across. He also places her and the rest of the Nehru family in the long sweep of Indian history, explaining the tortured conversion of Indira's grandfather, Motilal Nehru, from Western-oriented aristocrat to Congress party radical, and how this affected little Indira, whose earliest memories include a huge bonfire made of elegant imported clothes, when the family switched, for reasons of political symbolism, to homespun white cotton. Her entire childhood was measured in terms of the struggle for independence, and an unstable, lonely childhood it was, with her parents often away in British jails. Even when Indira married, it was an odd, unsatisfactory marriage, which she was quick to abandon, to return to the household of her father, Prime Min-

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ister Jawaharlal Nehru, when she realized that "my father was doing more important work than my husband," as she explained to Moraes.

Moraes obviously knows his subject. When she tells him, as she has told so many others, that "I never wanted to be prime minister," he disbelieves it too, but not with the standard simplistic explanation about power. Instead, he concludes that "she wanted to stay [in office] to continue a martyrdom." Mrs. Gandhi's idea of her own martyrdom says a lot about her, and this is a good insight. But then Moraes spoils it by playing right to her hand:

> the difficulty, the delicacy of dealing with such a person, so often hurt, so often betrayed, was compounded at the time by her alertness about everyone who surrounded her, her reluctance to be further hurt, further betrayed.

Mrs. Gandhi has repeated so many times that she has been unusually hurt and betrayed that the tendency is to believe her. But when you stop and think about it, what indication is there that she has been hurt and betrayed any more than any other politician? It's like another passage, in which Moraes, defending Mrs. Gandhi's ruthlessness, says, "she saw her mother scorned by other members of the family." So what?

As an introduction to the murky world of Indian politics, *Indira Gandhi* is a useful, if selective, guide. And many of its observations about the people and their ancient land are sharp. But Mrs. Gandhi and the Indian experiment still need to be more carefully examined than they are in this book. Her reelection to power in January of 1980 was—whether her critics like it or not—another reaffirmation of Indian democracy, like the one in 1977, though with opposite effect. Some of Mrs. Ghandhi's opponents fear that this year's election could be the last, and that the only lesson she learned is not to go back to the electorate again.

William Borders

William Borders, currently reporting from London for the *New York Times*, was the *Times* correspondent in India from 1975 to 1979.

The Right to Be Left Alone

Soviet Dissidents: Their Struggle for Human Rights by Joshua Rubenstein

(Beacon; $12.95)

On January 23, 1980, policemen stopped the government limousine carrying Andrei Sakharov to his weekly seminar at the Academy of Sciences. They took him to the office of a prosecutor who read Sakharov a decree stripping him of all the state honors he had earned as developer of the hydrogen bomb. In short order, the last remaining dissident of world stature left in Moscow had been bundled off to Gorky, an industrial city 250 miles away, officially closed to foreigners.

This postscript to Joshua Rubenstein's history of Soviet dissidence indicates how far the present regime has reverted to the coercive methods of Stalin's time. Sakharov enjoyed none of the "socialist legality" that Khrushchev proclaimed in 1956. In one afternoon, he had been arrested, tried, and sentenced without benefit of judiciary.

This past season the KGB, using the same gloves-off treatment, cleared Moscow of all known troublemakers who might spoil the atmosphere of the Olympics. No protests would be allowed to mar the sight of the capital on display to foreign visitors. The efficiency of the operation rivaled the way the Nazis had been able to declare city after city *judenrein*, or cleansed of Jews.

Of course, as Rubenstein makes clear, the persistence of totalitarian appetites in the Politburo should not obscure the dramatic changes in the political landscape during the last quarter century. Today's repression is selective, punishing as object lessons those who overstep the line between private grumbling and public disagreement. They number some 10,000 "prisoners of conscience," a far cry from the millions worked to death in the Gulag camps just for being under suspicion.

The current dissenters take enormous risks. Merely affixing their names to a petition on behalf of an imprisoned colleague can cost them their jobs, their freedom, certification of their sanity. But only in rare cases has it actually led to death in prison. Even in the remotest labor camp, inmates are given heart by a support network of friends at home and organizations abroad like Amnesty International.

The great majority of their leading figures—Solzhenitsyn, Bukovsky, Grigorenko, and the two score others whom Rubenstein interviewed—have managed to find refuge in the West. Their witness revitalizes the movement through foreign broadcasts and underground literature. The exodus of the best in Russian arts and letters has been so formidable that it gives credence to

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Rubenstein's surmise: there are no intellectuals of stature left to back the present regime.

The reader may be puzzled, on the one hand, that total conformity has not been reimposed on the system, and on the other, that ever new recruits arise to replenish the ranks of the movement. The unequal struggle has pitted a half million cadres of the KGB against, at their crest in the late 1960s, some 2,000 dissidents, roughly a hundredth of one percent of the population. Not a single defendant brought up on political charges has ever been found innocent in a Soviet court. It would seem a simple matter to imprison or exile any nonconformist who remains at liberty.

Such a "final solution" would, however, deprive the leadership of the scapegoat it needs to blame for myriad problems. How else explain to the masses the necessity for vigilance against foreign agents and traitors? How else justify the ubiquitous informer network, the swollen budgets of the secret police? And what greater psychological boost to true belief than the one that comes from declaring one's most persistent critics insane?

The concerns of the dissidents, for their part, are much more complex. They include Jews trying to escape an increasingly discriminatory system in education and employment; Ukrainian and Baltic nationalists trying to salvage their culture from russification; Pentecostalists, Baptists, Catholics, and Orthodox old believers bridling at restrictions on religious freedom; members of the urban intelligentsia, especially scientists, whose commitment to truth makes them incapable of keeping silent about the emperor's ideological nakedness. As Rubenstein points out, Slavophiles who want to recapture the Russian past debate Westernizers intent on progress and pluralism; even true Marxists denounce the leaders for their intolerance and self-aggrandizement.

If there is any common denominator to this movement, it may be the desire of its members to be left alone, to enlarge the space of their privacy. They have their share of eccentrics and misfits. How could it be otherwise, asks Rubenstein, given a system that requires a dose of paranoia for survival? The initial impulse of dissidents toward political involvement has less to do with grand schemes for reform than with the empathy of a passerby who rushes to the aid of a mugging victim, for the moment heedless of physical risks or legal entanglements.

Since the police are in collusion with the muggers, the would-be rescuers have to rely on their own resources for protection. They learn to live by their wits, as when a search party knocked at the door of Galya Gabai caught with incriminating documents for the *Chronicle of Current Event*, a *samizdat* journal. She calmly stirred the papers into a pot of borscht bubbling on the stove. The searchers came up empty-handed and the journal appeared on schedule.

Rubenstein concludes that, through such individual triumphs, the human rights movement has succeeded in fostering "the growth of an independent

TWO DERELICTS

Two derelicts, scouring for butts on hands and knees,
stirred up a question I'd left hanging years ago
when I was a student. Fifth Avenue: I was on a bench
when I saw them, the park side, under the trees,
and they were pincering cigarette butts from between
the grey glacial cobbles. Rag man, rag woman,
I could hear their sweatstiff coats rustle on the unfinished
undersides of the benchboards; saw a rotting bandana,
a brownscaled neck, strange tails of hair. They were foraging
swiftly, jerkily, with a horrible alertness
for the ground with its detail of litter. Eyes raised
rarely—but everyone's intercepted it
sometime, that wooden look of hate
that breaks their bodies out in open sores,
raying the eyes, the lips seamed dark as fists—
I sat still, in my forest clearing, though surely
invisible to them: woman with paper, purse,
a city immeasurably far behind them,
so many lightyears out from their last port.
Barely a point of reference. They crawled so near,
not looking up, their odor filled my air.

That started me off, and the earlier thing, the question,
was when I was living poor (but fat,
from solitary gorgings on second-day baked goods)
just off the Bowery. I crossed it every morning
to class or jobs: barelegged, fat-legged, blue
in the winter, always depressed and euphoric
with student poverty (the traveler's
unconscious *I'll only be here once*). The moment I mean,
my legs had just callipered a stale bundle
with a face my eyes jerked away from, red porous mound
in brown twiggery, two green ropes of snot.
I could smell him, though, and the derelicts brought
that smell back where I sat
where my poor-years had placed me, free on my lunch hour—at ease.
But what set its seal on that step,
that stockingless, sneakered step of mine,
was the angry word a fat man spoke
who suddenly appeared. Cheeks blotching, voice
shaky—'How can you, just step over a man like that
on your way to school?' (He must've seen my books.)
I completely took in his meaning. He was
wearing a thin-striped, cheap green suit; and he
was American, of course—it wasn't some Chinese or Dane
come to say 'They teach you this in your country,
to stack the humans, soaked flammable, at night
in the icy streets?' No: a fat man. But I
had no answer, and as he was gone when I glanced
behind me, I doubt that he did. He'd no right

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to ask me that, either. Oh, he was *free*
to ask, if you like, as the wino was free to show
the universe how terribly he could hate
in shattering that single vase, himself. And perhaps
in some twin city to this one, some right
angle to the real, no foot could ever land
on the far side of so fouled a river. But in this one
it did, it found a pavement, I carried my life
unfractured past that smoking, falling life.
If it's unfractured to sit on a parkbench
still answering the fat man: 'Not I ever called the cops
on winos in the winter flopping
under my tenement stairs or in the hall-johns.
The Chinese laundryman next door, or the old piece-stitcher
who'd "just missed" Union Housing, maybe she did.'
And all the time knowing, if I lived there now,
my kids out on that stoop, I'd call, I'd have to call them.

So that was my answer, of many but not the last, and launched
at the apartment towers and awnings of Fifth Avenue.
Where was he living now, I wondered—not
the bum, of course. Oh, somewhere, here in the city . . .
As somebody said once, New York
is everything that is the case: the rich
up there, me here, these scavenging; you're free
to do—whatever you do do, in this city.
Those buildings, for example: I used to wonder
what jobs people had, who lived there, did anyone ask them?
No. The point is, nobody stops them. Or if you're a wino
on all fours under the bench, who's going to come asking
'How can you do this?'—or rather, who'll answer you, stop you?
The grimed and shaky fingers rattle
more butts in their bag and scramble sideways, twine
sawing in flapping armholes. With vertigo,
I keep noticing what a tacit
sense of each other's picking-space they have,
like an old couple's gardening. . . The fat man,
the more I think, he must've worked
down there. And wouldn't he, carrying himself to work
or home fat and tired past the red-ringed
eyes, the weakly hugged pints of witch hazel, feel
how day and night all roads lie open, hate
them, hate the passers-by too, at last
lash out at barelegged me? I think so. Of course
he took the easiest feeling to hand, to spit out.
It must have eased several rubbing-places, though! And I think
when he sees derelicts now, he may go back
to that morning, nodding his head with uneasy
satisfaction, remembering, still asking me *How can you?*

Anne Winters

public opinion and a more natural social and cultural life." That claim seems far-fetched in light of the fringe existence of the dissidents, their limited impact on a few urban intellectuals, their isolation from the workers and peasants. There is less doubt, however, that they have begun to roll back the curtain of fear, incidentally compiling a record of Soviet reality omitted from official histories.

Harvey Fireside

Harvey Fireside teaches politics at Ithaca College and is author, most recently, of *Soviet Psychoprisons* (Norton).

Brief Review

Last Courtesies and Other Stories by Ella Leffland

(Harper & Row; $12.95)

Trudging through the French countryside on a solitary trek from Paris to Copenhagen, chilled by a November rain, the student narrator of "Eino" finally admits to herself, "I was overcome by a loneliness of the sort that, if you have a room and a lamp, makes you unable to turn out the light and go to sleep." All of Ella Leffland's protagonists in *Last Courtesies and Other Stories* are beset by this kind of loneliness and the heightened self-consciousness that accompanies it.

Leffland is concerned about the ways in which people become trapped in isolation. She knows well the perverse workings of the imagination and describes how we invest people and places with our fantasies and blame them for our failed expectations. She shows how self-perceptions grow gnarled during hours of private brooding.

Remarkably, despite her unhappy themes, Leffland does not cast a pall over these stories. Her choice of imagery is precise, her observation of physical details and character traits shrewd, her tone measured and often ironic. The old man in "The Linden Tree," panic-stricken at the prospect of his friend's death, strokes Giulio's hand and finds it "thin and waxy as a sliver of soap." In "Glad Offerings," a petulant college graduate on his honeymoon in Spain, whose misty visions of rustic villages and ancient folkways vanish almost upon arrival, glances at his wife lying on the beach of a resort hotel, where she is surrounded by voluptuous beauties. She smiles up at him, "looking like a peeled twig in her bikini." The morose, feeble-minded housekeeper in "Conclusion" manifests her self-hatred in masochistic fantasies about a German silent-film star. The Burkes fondly think of Helene as their "project," fascinated that she seems to "wage an inner war with her dimness," but never guessing at her despair:

> Surely these hands are human, real blood courses beneath their skin. There is no doubt about that, she thinks . . . looking at her hands, which are slender. They are red, but the nails are long and tapered. They are nice hands. Yet they disgust

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her. Has it always been this way, she wonders? Has it only been a few weeks, or has it been years, or has she always felt this horror of herself and the corner she occupies? What an emptiness fills this room; how the clock accuses her, ticking off waste, waste, waste.

These characters, with their tenuous grip upon their lives, are sympathetic figures. But Leffland's compassion is matched by an insistence that to see oneself as the victim rather than the agent of one's fate can be a dangerous form of self-indulgence. Vladimir, the crazed piano-tuner of "Last Courtesies," is one character who insists along with her. He curses, spits, gesticulates wildly, and remains undaunted by circumstance. The advice of this "weird little Russian" goes unheeded by a prim, aging widow who lives in a lost world of social graces, but Vladimir's bristling figure and heartfelt admonitions leave one feeling oddly cheered:

'You want to lead a decent life, Lillian, you give them hell! They sell you a bad cut of meat, throw it in the butcher's face! You get short-changed, make a stink! . . . Give them the finger, Lillian!'

Dorothy Wickenden

Mysteries

Stephen Greenleaf's second book, *Death Bed* (Dial; $10.95), is not only the best successor to the Raymond Chandler-Ross Macdonald tradition to come along in a decade, it is better (because less sentimental) than the last three or four Macdonald's. I wish Edmund Wilson were alive to test the waters again, for even he would approve of this one.

What is so good about Greenleaf is that he takes an old theme and reworks it beautifully, that he knows how to write, and that he injects new life into the image of the cynical private eye. He constructs a genuine mystery, stylishly draws upon the familiar milieu of San Francisco, and then spreads metaphors across the page with abandon and joy. And there are those nicely observed vignettes, and the asides—John Tanner, detective, settles down to read John le Carré because he can diffuse the "blunt and linear progression" of his own life best with a dose of "English indirection" —that make for the intellectual pleasure that overrides action. This is what a good mystery is all about.

Tony Hillerman's fifth mystery (and fourth set in the midst of the Navajo nation), *People of Darkness* (Harper & Row; $9.95), is his best. While his series figure, Navajo policeman Joe Leaphorn, plays a tiny role here, the action centers on Sergeant Jim Chee, of the Navajo Tribal Police, who is pursuing a relatively simple burglary of an Anglo's house. At the same time he is trying to decide whether to take up an offer of promotion to the East, where he inevitably will take on the Anglo ways he has already begun to learn while studying at the University of New Mexico, or to pursue the path of traditional healing and spiritual care among his people, for which he has been training as well. Hillerman always has used Navajo tradition as an integral part of his mystery, letting the problem grow directly from the culture, but here he is especially skillful and oblique. Though the reader will solve the formal mystery some pages ahead of Sergeant Chee, the human mystery remains: how do Anglo values differ from Navajo values?

Elmore Leonard has written his toughest book in *City Primeval: High Noon in Detroit* (Arbor House: $9.95). It's too bad Leonard felt he needed a subtitle, for the theme is obvious enough: how one vicious killer and one committed cop come to see themselves locked in a classic shootout in the OK Corral of modern America, the city in which the lone hero climbed down from his mustang to climb into his Mustang and do battle once again for the cowardly, blind populace. This is rough stuff: the language, the attitudes, and the people are all unpleasant, products of the city that has grown up over the primeval forest. Theme, plot, writing are obvious, yet compelling.

Leonard is unpleasant to a point, and he knows how to write to make his unpleasantries memorable. Robert J. Ray, in *Cage of Mirrors* (Lippincott & Crowell; $10.95), is persistently and pointlessly unpleasant and his plot is so confusing—it is vaguely about a master French crook who, having been insulted by the old-line diamond merchants, sets out to destroy the diamond market, though a variety of equally vague subplots meander in and out—that nothing in it is memorable. Everyone vibrates sexually; the hero is a fool (though the author doesn't think so) who is sexually obsessed in a juvenile way. There is a lot of the kind of philosophy that gives metaphysics a bad name.

Robin Winks

Correspondence, *from page 9*

the fields of human rights and justice, then it would be possible to make concessions on the Republican side toward a resolution of the conflict. As a sign of hope for the future, I would point inside the Irish Republic to east Donegal with its large ex-Loyalist (Protestant) population. Perhaps one of the reasons everyone gets along so well is that there is no longer any English presence.

Raymond Quinn
Bronx, New York

'City on the hill'

To the editors:

Peter Kaplan's essay on Governor Reagan was a pleasant diversion ("Cahiers de Reagan," *TNR*, November 1). I was particularly taken by his comments on Reagan's Baltimore "peroration." Knickers, waistcoat, and ruffled shirt seem like a perfect costume for the speech.

But . . . . "And tonight we can build that world over again. We can meet our destiny and that destiny can build a land here that will be for all mankind a shining city on the hill." I heard that line, and it brought to mind the New England errand into the wilderness; the Puritan settlers talked like that about their experiment. A quick investigation revealed that, as I remembered, old John Winthrop had indeed used just those words—"city on the hill"—in reference to the Puritan settlement he sometimes governed. I expect Mr. Reagan's speechwriter knew that; I've been wondering ever since what it signifies.

Joel Dinda
Lansing, Michigan

A bet

To the editors:

I've got a hundred bucks that says Robert Lekachman's prediction about Ronald Reagan imposing wage and price controls by 1983 ("Reagan's Price Controls," *TNR*, November 22) is *not* prescient.

Don Hinchey
Littleton, Colorado

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

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Washington Diarist

Errors

I was grateful at having my name spelled right, but otherwise not at all pleased to be the star culprit of Haynes Johnson's November 16 column in the *Washington Post*. Johnson had valid points to make: that the American press was totally wrong in telling the country that the 1980 election was "too close to call," and that the country is just overjoyed at the sight of "all of us smug and mighty journalistic oracles in Washington so visibly falling on our collective faces." The reason we were all so wrong, Johnson wrote, is that we relied heavily on public opinion polls—"pseudo-science"—instead of "hard reporting . . . our own legwork." Johnson, who repeated this year his quadrennial pattern of spending two solid months on the road testing the mood of America, asserted that "never has the criticism that Washington reporters are out of touch with the country been more justified than during the long 1980 campaign period. . . . It's not just that much of the Washington journalistic fraternity seems isolated from what people elsewhere are thinking, it's the astonishing, almost aggressive assurance with which many claim to know what's on people's minds."

He cited two examples—briefly, a consensus he found in the *Washington Post* newsroom that Carter had trounced Reagan in the presidential debate and, at length, the evidence he said he gathered reading back through two months' worth of piled up newspapers and magazines. Actually, his only specific target was "the political analysis and olympian, self-assured tone struck in successive issues of *The New Republic*"—referring to me, of course, and by name. On and on he went, recounting my various errors: the September 27 judgment that there would be "No Tidal Waves" this year; the October 4 declaration (heavily qualified, he should have noted) that "Anderson Can Win"; the October 11 observation that Carter was running a more effective campaign than Reagan; and my end-of-the-campaign judgment that Carter had won the debate in every way save "aw-shucks niceness." What a record! Johnson charitably neglected to mention that I also said the election was "too close to call."

At first I decided not to respond to Johnson's column. At first, to tell the truth, I was too depressed to do so. But now it seems worthwhile to consider what did happen in this election, why I was so wrong, and what lessons may be learned for next time. First, in partial defense, I was scarcely alone in thinking this election would be close and that Carter, though surely trailing in electoral vote projections, had a chance to win. I do not know of a single political reporter or commentator who accurately predicted the size of Reagan's electoral sweep or anticipated that the Republicans would win control of the Senate. "No Tidal Waves" was not based on telepathic signals from Mount Olympus, but on the judgment of Republican pollsters and some of Reagan's own senior staff members, among others, that 1980 did not seem to be shaping up as a watershed election like 1932 or 1896 and that Reagan was running too lackadaisical a campaign to set off a Roosevelt-sized landslide.

I think it still isn't clear that a great partisan realignment has taken place, but leaving that aside, why did I miss the size of what did happen, and expound my misinformation with such a "self-assured tone"? Well, first, I think I did a fair job of keeping *TNR* readers up to date on my lopsided win-loss record, so no one should have been fooled into thinking I thought myself infallible. On the other hand, I think it's the business of an opinion magazine to print opinions, the best opinions one can come by through diligent research and rumination. Most political reporters have private views about how a race is going and why, but it's their professional discipline to keep quiet about what they think. My job is to make judgments and to take the consequences if they are wrong. Haynes Johnson's column is one of the consequences.

But why was I so wrong? Johnson is partly correct in saying that the political press relied too heavily on opinion polls, and I certainly did. Whenever I or any other reporter went out to a key state, we came back reporting that Carter was in deep trouble. Yet supposedly scientific polls kept reporting the popular vote was very tight. Even state-by-state polls, such as the *Washington Post*'s, suggested that the big states were up for grabs. Surely in 1984 we'll all have to be more leery about the polls, but that does not mean we should dismiss them. The candidates certainly don't. To the contrary, they base all their crucial decisions on polling data—where to spend the candidate's time, how much money to spend, what message to convey in TV advertising, etc. According to the *Post*'s David Broder, Reagan pollster Richard Wirthlin had such a precise system that he knew all during the campaign exactly how the race was going, and he was right in the end. The lesson of this is not that news organizations should ignore polls in the future; but rather should get themselves systems as detailed and penetrating as Wirthlin's.

If we had had more precise data, or greater insight into what we had, we might have perceived what seems to have happened this year: a large portion of the electorate, 10 percent or more, was counted "undecided" but actually had made up its mind it would not vote for Carter if Reagan seemed an acceptable alternative. In the end, the debate, renewed frustration over Iran, or the mere necessity of making an election day decision seems to have pushed these people over the line to Reagan.

In principle, I think Haynes Johnson's major point is well taken—that there's no substitute for hard reporting out there in the country as a means of understanding the nation's mood. But it's a chancy business, knocking on doors. It was on the basis of one such exercise that I predicted in February that George Bush would carry New Hampshire by six points and that Jimmy Carter would win by 20. In fact, Carter won by about six and Reagan by 20. I'm sure Haynes Johnson appreciates the difficulty and inexactitude of this business. When he returned from his two months of communing with America and appeared on the final preelection edition of the popular PBS TV program, "Washington Week in Review," he was asked for his bottom-line prediction on how it would all come out. Johnson said: "this is a courageous moment because I really don't know. I think all my bones tell me Reagan is going to win, but I think somehow that Carter is going to slip through."

M.M.K.

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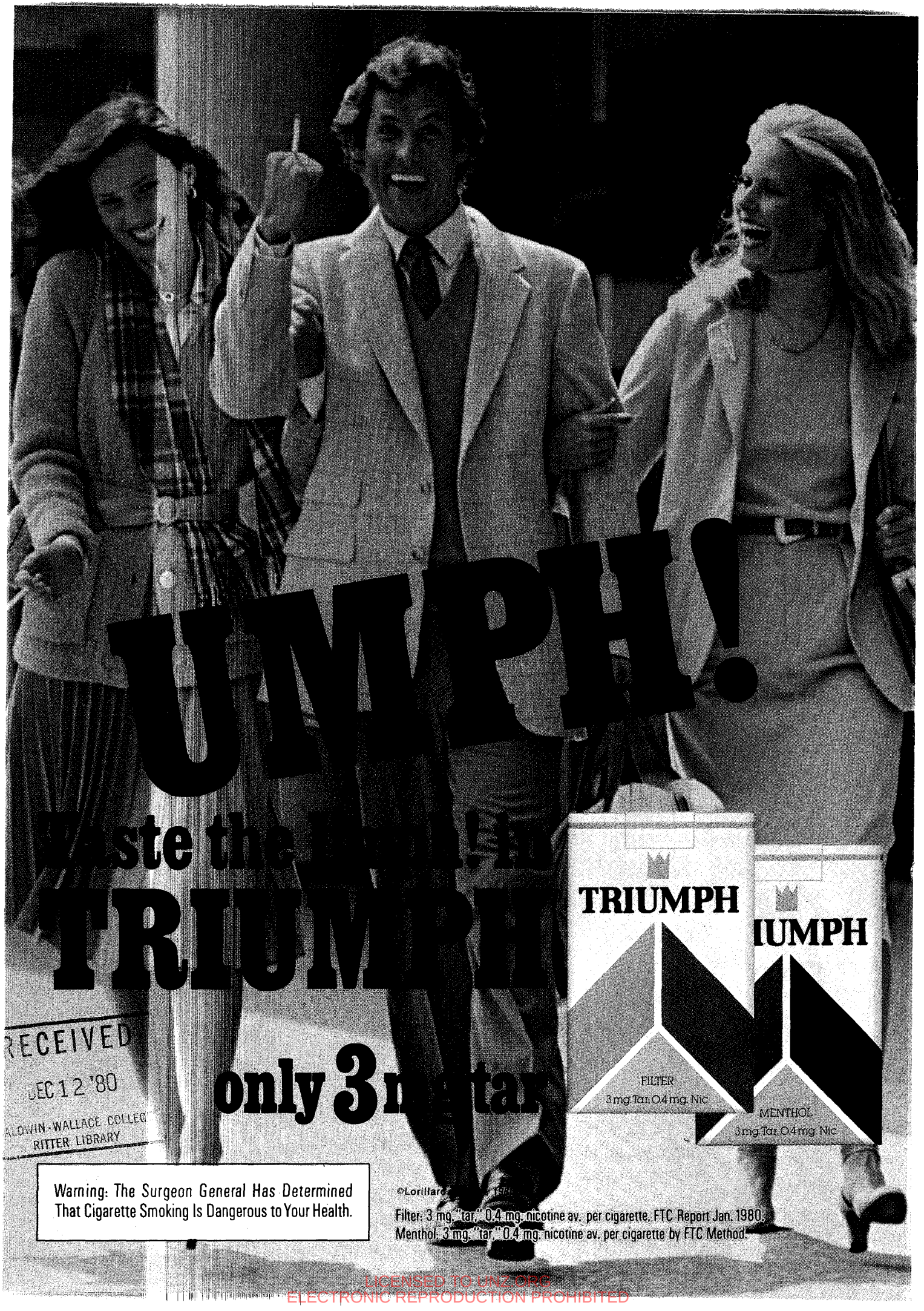

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